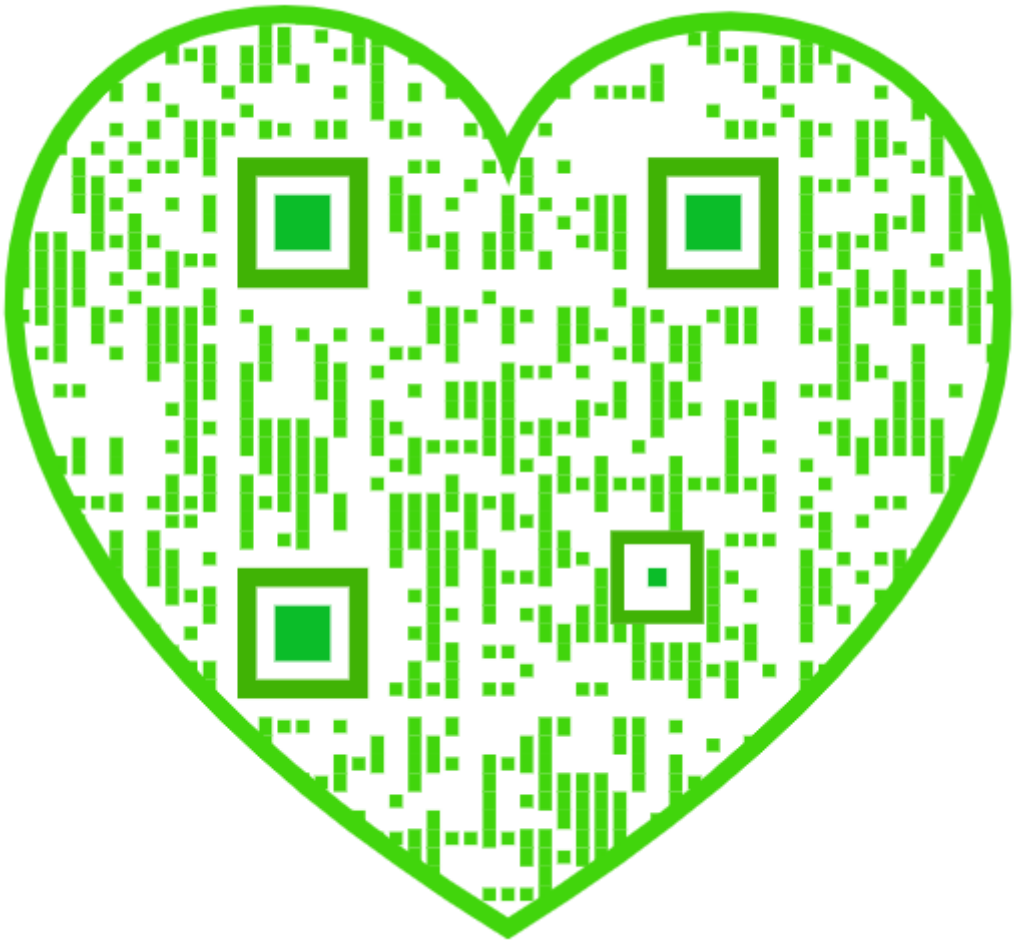

ELSON

PRIMARY SCHOOL READER

BOOK FOUR

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READERS

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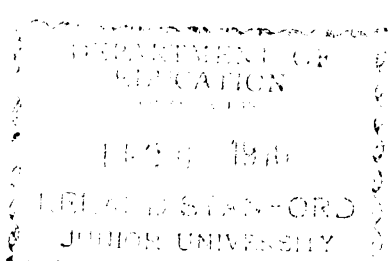
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INTRODUCTION

The material in this Reader has been selected primarily with reference to its interest for children. Moreover its ethical and literary excellence makes it well worthy to become a permanent possession of the child.

PART ONE centers around the themes,—Patriotism, Pioneer Life, and Home. Stories of pioneer life particularly appeal to children at this stage.

PART TWO combines fairy-tales and stories of adventure, in recognition of the fact that this is the period when the child's interest in the merely fanciful is beginning to give place to an interest in the possible and the real.

PART THREE contains selections which attract the child through some playful conceit and which lead him to appreciate beauty in Nature. The great American naturalist, Henry D. Thoreau, is represented in this group.

PART FOUR contains legends centering around the heroic figures of Beowulf, Sigurd, and Roland. Material of this kind supplies the best possible medium for aiding the child in his progress from interest in what is purely imaginary to interest in what has its origin in real life.

PART FIVE establishes an acquaintance with some of the great American writers, through selections which combine simplicity with action.

HELPS TO STUDY (pages 302-310) furnish aid to children in preparing their lessons, and offer suggestions to teachers in making assignments.

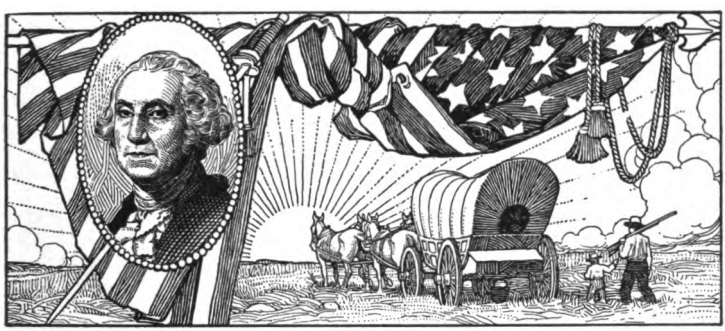
A WORD-LIST for spelling, pronunciation, and definition concludes the book.

"Books are the best of things, well used."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Part I

HOME AND COUNTRY



LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES

At the time of the Revolutionary War, a brave little American girl named Anne Randolph lived on a farm not far from Philadelphia. Her father and her two brothers had joined the American army under the command of George Washington. Anne and her mother were left alone to take care of the farm.

Two years before the time of this story Anne's father had given her a beautiful calf as a pet, and the two had become great friends. Whenever Anne went into the field, the young cow came to be petted.

At one time during the war the English army was in Philadelphia. The soldiers, as they marched through the country, took the wheat and corn of the farmers, and their horses and cattle as well.

One day the soldiers came to the farm of Mr. Randolph and seized Anne's pet cow. They tied a rope about her horns and drove her away. In great grief, Anne begged for her pet, but her words had no effect.

It did not take long for Anne to think what she would do. She ran to the stable, saddled her pony, and then rode at full speed to see Lord Cornwallis, who was the general of the English army. It was a very brave thing for a little girl only twelve years of age to do.

A soldier was marching back and forth in front of the general's quarters. "What do you want?" he asked Anne, as she galloped up.

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," she said.

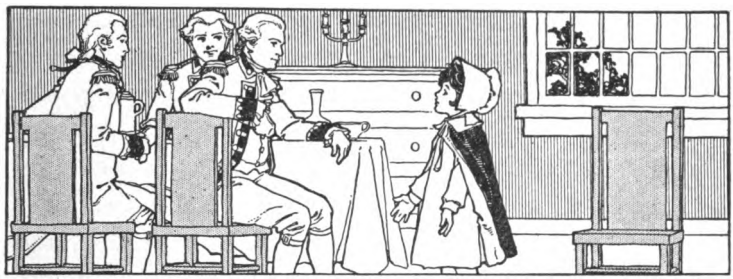
"What is your business with him?" asked the soldier.

"I must see him; let me pass," replied the girl.

The soldier let her pass, thinking, no doubt, that she had very important news to tell. Lord Cornwallis and some of his friends were at dinner when little Anne rushed into the room.

"What do you want, my child?" asked the general.

"I want my cow, sir. Your soldiers have taken her away, and I have come to get her. Oh, please sir, you must let me have her."



"And who are you, my little girl?" asked the general, kindly.

"I am Anne Randolph, and I live three miles from here with my mother. Have you seen my cow, sir?"

"Have you no father or brothers, Anne?"

"Yes, sir, but they are in the army."

"In which army?"

"In the American army, sir."

"Oho! so they are rebels, are they?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we are all rebels about here, if you please, sir."

"And you are a bit of a rebel yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, I was born so."

The general threw back his head and laughed. "And your cow is a rebel, too, I suppose."

"I think so, sir. She is the nicest cow I ever knew."

The general and his officers laughed again. "Look here, my little rebel," said Lord Cornwallis soberly, "don't you know that we are here to fight the rebels?"

"Yes, sir, but you are bound to respect our rights," Anne answered. "Oh, sir," she continued, "I raised

my cow myself. She has always been mine. She can't belong to you. I must have her. I would never steal your cow, sir," the little girl said, proudly.

The general rose. "Come here, my child. I promise you that your cow shall be safe in your barn tomorrow; and here, take these," he said, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles. "Keep them to remember me by. And if the soldiers trouble your cow again, come to me at once."

"Gentlemen," said Lord Cornwallis to his officers, after Anne had left, "this country is certain to be free, with such determined little rebels in it as this."

The general kept his promise, and the next morning Anne's cow was once more in her own snug stable.

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON

The character of a great and good man may often be seen in acts that are of an everyday kind. For example, you may get a glimpse of George Washington from a little incident, which, we may be sure, taught a corporal in the Continental army to know him better than ever before.

Early one morning Washington went alone to see for himself what his soldiers were doing in a camp which he had ordered to be fortified. The weather was so cold that he wore a long overcoat with a great

cape. The coat hid his uniform, and his hat and cape did not leave much of his face to be seen. For this reason, the soldiers who saw him did not know that the tall man passing by was their great general, George Washington.

At one point in his walk he came upon a few men who, under the command of a corporal, were building a breastwork of logs. The soldiers were bending over a very heavy log, and were just about to raise it to the top of the breastwork, when General Washington came walking by.

The corporal stood at one side giving orders. "Heave ho!" he cried. "All together! Up with it! Now!" The men lifted with all their might until the log was almost in its place; but they could not raise it quite high enough.

The corporal shouted again, "Heave! Up with it! Up! Up!" but he did not put his hand to it himself. The men struggled and strained; but they had done their best and the heavy log was about to sink back into their arms.

At this moment Washington ran to them, and with his great strength gave them the needed help. The log was quickly lifted upon the breastwork and rolled into place. The grateful men thanked the stranger, but the corporal paid no attention to him.

Then Washington turned to him and said in a stern voice: "Why don't you help your men with this heavy lifting?"

"Why don't I?" said the man. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Indeed!" replied Washington, as he unbuttoned his coat and showed his uniform. "Well, I am the commander-in-chief! The next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me." Then turning upon his heel, he walked away.

We may be sure that the corporal learned a lesson that many men need to learn, and that the soldiers came to know their great general better than they had ever known him before.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY*

Your flag and my flag,
  And how it flies today
In your land and my land
  And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
  The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
  The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

*From The Trail to Boyland, by Wilbur D. Nesbit, Copyright 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

A STORY OF THE FLAG

We see so many flags flying on the tops of big buildings that we are very apt to pass by a flag without noticing it. If it does chance to attract our attention, we remark, perhaps, that it is large or small, or something of the sort, and that is about as much feeling as the sight of it inspires.

At any rate that is what a certain little boy thought about it when he went abroad with me last May. But a little adventure this boy took part in, some time after he arrived on the other side of the ocean, has changed this feeling. The adventure that Frank, the little boy I speak of, had in Paris is worth while telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been in Paris nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag.

On the morning of the Fourth, however, a number of flags were hanging out from the American shops. They looked strange to us, and the idea came to Frank for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world—that it was his own nation, a kind of big family to which he belonged. The Fourth of July was a sort of big family birthday, and the flags were out to tell the Frenchmen and everybody not to forget the fact.

A feeling of this kind came over Frank that morning, and he called out, "There's another!" every time a new flag came into view. He stopped two or three times to count the number in sight, and showed in many ways that he had come to a new understanding of America and the American flag.

During the morning Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than he, came to our hotel, and they went off together to see the sights.

When Frank returned and came up to the room where I was waiting, I noticed a small American flag-pin in the lapel of his coat.

"George had two," he said in answer to my question, "and he gave me this one. He's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them so people may know that we are Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, supposing it had come from George's house.

"We took it off Lafayette's tomb," he answered.

I opened my eyes in surprise and he went on:

"George says the American Consul put it on the tomb last Fourth of July for our government, because Lafayette helped us in the Revolution.

"George says that they ought to put on a new flag every Fourth of July," explained Frank. "But the American Consul is a new man, George thinks, for

he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag and we did it. We went to a store and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like the old one. George and I each paid half.

"We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we didn't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech, thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it didn't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away.

"We drew lots for it afterward, and I am going to take it home with me. Somebody ought to have it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, wasn't it?"

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers saw on Lafayette's tomb that year as a mark of the American nation's respect for the great Frenchman was the one put there by two boys. The flag put there the year before, Frank has carefully hung on the wall of his little room in America.

But this particular flag is not the only one that has become dear to him. He now understands that every American flag represents his nation and all the ties that ought to bind fellow-countrymen to each other.

—*Victor Mapes.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS POSTMASTER

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he was appointed postmaster at his home village of New Salem, Illinois. The duties were not very hard, for people did not write many letters in those days. Indeed the mail was so small that it is said the postmaster of New Salem carried the post-office in his hat. He would go off on a trip and take the post-office along with him, delivering letters on the way.

With his post-office and his other work, Lincoln lived for several years his humble but helpful life. His strong love of fair play was so well known that he was often called upon to settle disputes among his neighbors. In this way he came to be looked upon as the peacemaker of the village.

One day Lincoln acted as umpire in a quarrel which had arisen between two young fellows considerably

smaller than himself. One of these boys, angry because the dispute had been decided against him, said boastfully to Lincoln, "See here, Abe! I'll lick you."

The tall umpire looked down at his small challenger. "All right," he said, "but let's fight fair. You are so small that there isn't much of you for me to hit, but I am so big that you can't help hitting me. So you make a chalk mark on me that will show just your size. When we fight, you must hit me inside this mark, or it will not count as fair."

This idea was so funny that the little bully began to laugh. Of course that took all the anger out of him, and what began in ill-feeling, ended as a joke.

At another time, Lincoln came upon a poor man who was chopping up an old hut into firewood. The day was raw and the man looked too weak for such hard work. He was barefooted and so thinly clad that he was shivering with cold.

Lincoln stopped and called out, "See here! how much do you get for this job?"

"A dollar," said the man. "I've got to have the dollar to get some shoes."

"You go home and warm yourself," said Lincoln, taking the ax from the wood-chopper. Then he swung the ax as only Abraham Lincoln could, and in a short time the old hut was chopped into firewood. The poor wood-chopper got his dollar and his shoes, and he never forgot the kindness of Abraham Lincoln.

—Elbridge S. Brooks—Adapted.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*James Hogg.*

NO BOY KNOWS

There are many things that boys may know—
Why this and that are thus and so,—
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:
Boys know new things every day—
When they study, or when they play,—
When they idle, or sow and reap,—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should at least,—
May know that the round old earth rolls East,—
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—
Ever repeating their parts again—
Are all just water and the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap,—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine,—
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep,—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Oh, I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the fragrant drowse on the parlor floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then—
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep,—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

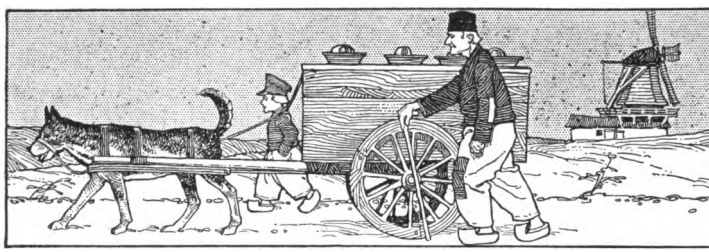
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



A DOG OF FLANDERS

THE OLD MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DOG

Nello and Patrasche were friends in a friendship that had grown day by day, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village—a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat pastures and corn-lands.

It had about a score of houses, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the center of the village stood a windmill, a landmark to all the level country round.

The little hut on the edge of the village was the home of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who had brought from the wars nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When the old man had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died and had left him her two-year-old

son. He could hardly support himself, but he took the new burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello—a pet name for Nicolas—throve with him, and the old man and the little child lived contentedly.

It was a very humble little mud-hut, indeed, but it was clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins.

They were very poor, terribly poor. They never by any chance had enough to eat. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a truthful, kind-hearted child, and they were happy together.

THE EARLY LIFE OF PATRASCHE

Patrasche was their bread-winner, their friend, and their comforter. Patrasche was hands and feet to both of them. Without Patrasche where would they have been?

For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog. He was a dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed but muscular.

Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly many a century—beasts of the shafts and the harness. Before Patrasche was fully grown he had known the burden of the cart and the collar. In his thirteenth month he had been sold to a peddler, who

heaped his cart full of pots and pans and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might. He himself walked along lazily by the side of the cart, smoking his black pipe.

Happily for Patrasche he was very strong: he came of an iron race, long bred to such cruel toil. So he did not die, but managed to live on under burdens, hunger, thirst, and blows.

One day, after two years of this long agony, Patrasche was going as usual along one of the roads that lead to the city of Rubens.

It was midsummer, and very warm. His cart was heavy, piled high with goods of metal and earthenware. His owner walked on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip.

The dog struggled along thus, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse for him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve. Blind with dust, sore with blows, and weary with the weight of his load, Patrasche, for once, staggered and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun. His master gave him kicks and oaths and blows which had been often the only food and drink, the only reward, offered to him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. He lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust.

After a while, finding his blows useless, the peddler —thinking life gone in him, struck off the leathern bands of the harness, and kicked his body aside into the grass. Then muttering in savage wrath, he pushed the cart lazily along the road, and left the dying dog.

JEHAN DAAS FINDS PATRASCHE

It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons and in carts, went by. Some saw him; most did not even look: all passed on. A dead dog more or less—it was nothing in Brabant: it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was poorly clad, and he dragged his way slowly through the dust.

He saw Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside; then kneeled down in the grass and weeds of the ditch, and looked at the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

There was with him a little, rosy, fair-haired child, who pattered in amidst the weeds, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met—the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan Daas was a man with a kind heart, so with much labor he drew the sufferer to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off. There he tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had

been brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout legs.

Now for many weeks he had been powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they had grown to care for him,—this lonely old man and the little happy boy. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived.

When he was well enough to try a hollow, broken bark, they laughed aloud, and almost wept for joy at such a sign of his recovery. Little Nello, in delight, hung around his rugged neck chains of daisies, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So, when Patrasche arose, himself again, big, and strong, his great eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no blows to drive him. And in his heart he felt a mighty love, which never wavered. For Patrasche was grateful. He lay watching with grave, tender eyes the movements of his friends.

Jehan Daas could now do nothing for his living, but limp about with a small cart, in which he daily carried into the town of Antwerp the milk cans of neighbors who owned cattle. But it was becoming

hard work for the old man. He was not strong, and Antwerp was a league off.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go, that first day when he had got well, and was lying in the sun with the wreath of daisies round his tawny neck.

PATRASCHE A FAITHFUL SERVANT

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it and placed himself between its handles. He showed as plainly as dumb signs could, his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten.

Jehan Daas resisted, for the old man was one of those who thought it a shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be denied. Finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart with his teeth.

At last the old man gave way to the persistence and the gratitude of the dog he had rescued. He made his cart so that Patrasche could pull it, and this the faithful dog did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the sick dog in the ditch. For he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year. He would not have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud, if it had not been for the strength of the animal he had befriended.

As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the heavy burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this light cart and its brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender touch and with a kindly word.

Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately, for his peace, his former owner had suddenly died, and so never disturbed him in his new and well-loved home.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas became so crippled with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more.

Then little Nello, now grown to his sixth year, and knowing the town well from having gone with his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart. He sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

The little boy was a beautiful child, with dark, grave eyes and fair locks. Many an artist sketched the group as it went by him—the green cart with the brass flagons, and the great tawny-colored, massive

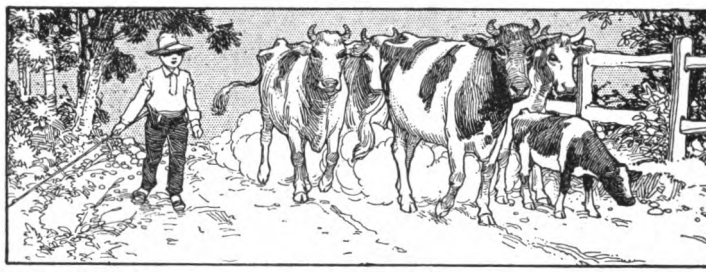
dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him, which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, innocent, happy face.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out. He could sit in the doorway in the sun, and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze, and dream, and pray a little; and then awake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return.

On their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bark of joy, and Nello would tell with pride the doings of the day. Then they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain. After twilight the boy and the dog would lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy and innocent and healthful.

—*Louise de la Ramée—Abridged.*



EVENING AT THE FARM

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling,—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill.
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;

About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling,—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

—*John T. Trowbridge.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
  Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
  That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elderbloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
  Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
  Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*Mary H. Krout.*

THE QUEST

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.

I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

—*Eudora Bumstead.*

WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said, "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green,
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisy's breast.

"From the blossoming dells,
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their clanging bells,
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet.

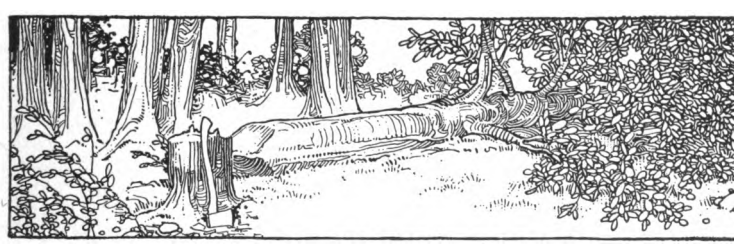
"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers,
Through all the bright hours,
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me,
For have I not warmed you and cheered you tonight?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*



PIONEER TALES

OUT OF POWDER

In the fall of 1822 I found bear very plenty, and, indeed, all sorts of game except buffalo. I supplied my family very well all along with wild meat till Christmas, at which time my powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of Rutherford's fork of the Obion River. He had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never gotten it home.

There had just been a big freshet, and the low grounds were flooded. I knew the stream which I would have to cross was at least a mile wide, as the water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go on over in some way or other so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, but she opposed it with all her might. I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and worse than all, we were out of meat.

So I took my woolen wrappers and a pair of moccasins, and put them on, and tied up some dry clothes and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I did not know, before, how much anybody could suffer and yet not die.

The snow was about four inches deep when I started, and when I got to the water, which was only

about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I put in, and waded on till I came to the channel. I crossed the channel on a high log. I then took to the water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but behold, when I got there, no log was to be seen.

There was a small island in the slough, and a sapling stood on it quite close to the side of that log, which was now entirely under water. I knew further, that the water was about eight or ten feet deep under the log, and I judged it to be about three feet deep over it. After studying a little what I should do, I determined to cut a forked sapling, which stood near me, so as to lodge it against the one that stood on the island, in which I succeeded very well.

I then cut a pole, and crawled along on my sapling till I got to the one it was lodged against, which was about six feet above the water. I felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had judged. I then crawled back and got my gun, which I had left at the stump of the sapling I had cut, and made my way to the other sapling so as to get on the log. I then felt my way along with my feet, in the water about waist deep, but it was a mighty ticklish business.

However, I got over, and by this time I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all

the time in the water, except the time I was crossing the high log over the river, and climbing my lodged sapling.

I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I had got about the middle of the deep water, somehow it turned over, and I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water and went ahead till I came to the highland, where I stopped to pull off my wet clothes and put on the others, which I had held up with my gun above the water, when I fell in.

At last I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I now thought I would run, so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot for some time. After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelt fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was much astonished at seeing me at such a time. I stayed all night, and the next morning was most piercing cold, and so they persuaded me not to go home that day.

I agreed to that, and then turned out and killed two deer; but the weather still got worse and colder, instead of better. I stayed that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knew the water would be frozen over, but not hard enough

to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big he-bear all day, but didn't kill him.

The next morning was bitter cold, but I knew my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them, or die a-trying.

I took my keg of powder and all my hunting tools, and cut out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I put on to it, but hadn't got far before it broke through with me; and so I took out my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me for a considerable distance.

At last I got to where the ice would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to my floating log. I found it so tight this time, that it couldn't give me another fall, as it was frozen in with the ice.

I crossed over this log without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my lodged sapling and my log under the water. The swiftness of the current prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before.

When I got to my sapling, I first left my gun and climbed out with my powder keg, and then went back and got my gun. When I finally got home, I was nearly dead, but I had my powder, and that was what I went for.

THE BEAR HUNT

One morning I left my son at the camp, and a friend and I started on toward the harricane.* When we had gone about a mile, we started a very large bear, but we got along mighty slow on account of the cracks in the earth made by the earthquakes.

When we came to the harricane we had to quit our horses. We went ahead on foot for some little time, when we met a bear coming straight toward us, and I started my tired dogs after him.

I followed on to about the middle of the harricane, but my dogs pursued him so hard, that they made him climb an old stump about twenty feet high. I got in shooting distance of him and fired, but I was in such a flutter from fatigue and running, that I couldn't hold steady; but I broke his shoulder, and he fell.

I loaded my gun as soon as possible, and shot him again and killed him. Just then, my friend came up. He had followed my trail through the harricane. We skinned the bear, packed the meat on our horses and then started back to camp.

We had gone but a little way when I heard my dogs make a warm start again. I jumped down from my horse and gave him up to my friend, and told him I would follow the dogs. He went on to the camp and I went ahead after my dogs with all my might, till at last night came on.

I suffered very much that night with cold, as my leather breeches, and everything else I had on were wet and frozen. My fire was very bad, and I couldn't find anything that would burn well to make it any better; and so I concluded I should freeze, if I didn't warm myself in some way by exercise.

So I would jump up and down with all my might, and throw myself into all sorts of motions. But all this would not do, for my blood was now getting cold. I was so tired, too, that I could hardly walk; but I thought I would do the very best I could to save my life, and then, if I died, nobody would be to blame.

So I went up to a tree about two feet through, with not a limb on it for thirty feet, and I would climb up to the limbs and then lock my arms together around it and slide down to the bottom. This exercise would make the inside of my legs and arms feel mighty warm and good.

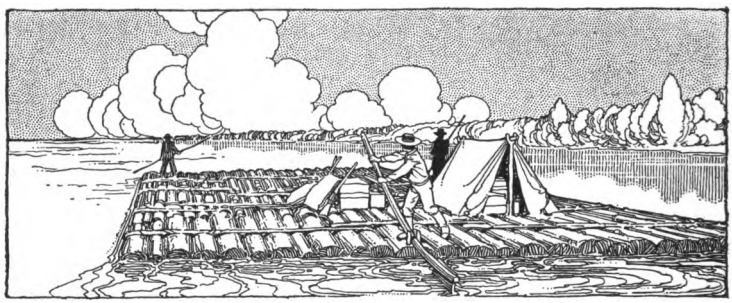
I continued this till daylight in the morning, and how often I climbed up my tree and slid down I don't know, but I reckon at least a hundred times.

In the morning I set out to hunt for my camp. I found it after a while, and my son and my friend were very glad to see me get back, for they were about to give me up for lost.

—*David Crockett.*

* See "Helps to Study," page 304.

EARLY SETTLERS



I think I see the early settlers harnessing their horses, and hitching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children.

On the outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms. Several axes are fastened to the bolster, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans.

A driver rides the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another. The husband shoulders his gun, and his sons drive the cattle ahead, followed by the hounds and other dogs.

Their day's journey is short. The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travelers much trouble. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push the wagon.

By sunset they have gone perhaps twenty miles. The weary company gather around a fire; supper is prepared, and there they pass the night.

Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of the journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been traveling from the beginning of May to the first of September. With heavy hearts they approach the Mississippi. They cross the river, and select a place where they build a cabin.

A small patch of ground is cleared by the ax and fire. To each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose in the canebrake. The horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food.

From the first trading boat that stops at their landing they get flour and fish-hooks and ammunition. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes and put on new suits.

The father and son meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flatboat a supply of live poultry has been purchased.

October tinges the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy; the days hot and the nights chill, and the family in a few days are attacked with ague.

Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes, and the hoar-frosts come. Gradually each one recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the

building. Soon a steamer calls to buy the wood, and thus add to their comfort during the winter.

This gives new courage to them; their efforts increase, and when spring returns the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's flesh, turkeys, ducks, and geese, with now and then some fish, have kept up their strength; and now their field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has increased.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber. Cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore. When the next freshet sets it afloat the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream.

After many difficulties they arrive at New Orleans, where they sell their logs. They supply themselves with such articles as will add to their convenience or comfort.

With light hearts they return home on the upper deck of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of their labor in taking in wood or otherwise.

Every successive year increases their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind.

—*John James Audubon.*

DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone was a noted American pioneer and hunter. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1735, and when he was 18 years old his family moved to North Carolina. From there he made many hunting and exploring trips into the wilderness.

In 1769 with five companions he set out to explore the border country of Kentucky, where he was several times captured by the Indians. His explorations caused settlers to flock to the new rich lands west of the mountains. For this service to his country, Congress gave him a tract of land.

The settlements in Kentucky were very frequently attacked by the Indians. Upon one occasion Boone was captured by them and held for some months in captivity. A large sum was offered for his ransom; but the Indians had become so much attached to him, from his courage and skill in hunting, that they refused to part with him. He was finally received into the tribe, and adopted by an old chief in the place of a dead son.

While he was a captive, he was kindly treated, but strictly watched. Whenever he was allowed to go hunting, the balls for his gun were counted, and he was required to account in game for each ball and charge of powder. But he divided a number of balls, with the halves of which he could kill turkeys, raccoons, squirrels, and other small game. And by using small

charges of powder, he saved several charges for his own use, in case he should find an opportunity to escape.

Early in June, being with the tribe at Chillicothe, in Ohio, he saw that they were making preparations for the war path, and learned that they were going to attack the fort at Boonesborough. He watched for an opportunity to warn the garrison.

On the morning of the 16th of June, he went forth to hunt as usual, and struck through the woods for Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. He reached it at the end of five days—a remarkable feat, when we remember that he was obliged to shape his course in such a way as to throw the Indians off his trail. His friends received him as one risen from the dead.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, the settlements of the whites were not much disturbed by the Indians; but there was not entire peace. On one occasion Boone was nearly taken prisoner by four Indians who came to his farm.

They found him in the upper part of a small outbuilding used for drying tobacco. Entering the lower part, and calling him by name, they told him that he was their prisoner, and that he could escape from them no more.

Although they stood pointing their guns at him, he replied with perfect coolness. He told them that he was willing to go with them, but begged that they give

him a little time to finish the work he was engaged in—removing some dry tobacco.

Drawing their attention in this way, he suddenly jumped down among them with his arms full of dried tobacco, and flung it into their faces. While they were choked and blinded with the dust, Boone ran quickly to his cabin, where he had the means of defense. The Indians went off, out-witted, having learned another of the hunter's tricks.

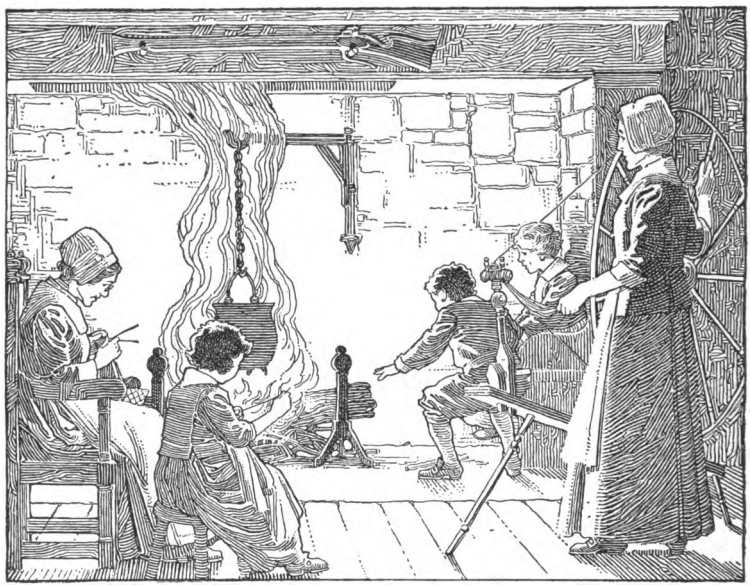
The old age of Boone was passed in quiet happiness among his children, the object of affectionate care and devoted attention. Almost to the very last, he continued his favorite employment of hunting.

In his old age he became a sort of historical personage. His life and adventures were written and talked about; and many persons came to see him and hear his story from his own lips.

In frame, Boone was vigorous and athletic, but in strength and stature, he was not beyond the average. There was nothing rough, still less fierce, in his manners; he was remarkable for his gentleness and quietness.

Although Daniel Boone was a man of few words, yet he was always willing to answer the questions which visitors put to him. His affections were strong, and he tenderly loved those who were near to him. To his dying day, he never could speak without tears of his son, who had been killed by the Indians.

—*J. M. Peck.*



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

Time—November, 1621.

Scene—A Log House in Plymouth Colony

Persons:

Father and Mother	Priscilla Mullens
Betty, Edward, Richard — Their Children	John Alden
Aunt Ruth	Mary, Robert — Orphans
	Squanto

[An iron pot hangs over an open fire, and in it a porridge of Indian meal is steaming. Betty and Edward sit on the fireplace seat. The Mother spins, Aunt Ruth knits, and Mary sews.]

MOTHER. Turn that largest log, Edward. The air grows sharp. We must have a bright fire for father's return. Robert and Richard will soon be here, too.

BETTY. Where are they, mother?

MOTHER. Father is at the town-meeting. Richard and Robert are helping Isaac Allerton to build his house.

AUNT RUTH. [*Looking up from her knitting.*] Hard work seems to agree with the lads. They are doing well, too. They have helped in the building of nearly every house in the village. They will be master-builders before we know it.

MOTHER. Stir the samp, Betty. Our master-builders will be hungry and supper must not be late.

MARY. You are ever kind and thoughtful. I shall never forget your goodness to me since my dear father and mother died in the terrible days of the great sickness. [*She bows her head and weeps gently.*]

MOTHER. [*Cheerfully.*] Wipe away those tears, Mary, and let us think of our many mercies. The best cure for sorrow is work, and that you have had in plenty here. You have been a great help to us. I am glad that you were sent here when the homeless were portioned amongst us.

BETTY. I am glad, too, that you live with us, Mary. You teach me so many things. May I get my sampler and work on it now, while you sew? Will you show me what stitches to take next?

MOTHER. All in good time, Betty, but just now you must watch the porridge, and stir it when needful.

EDWARD. [*Eagerly.*] I hear steps, mother!

MOTHER. It must be your father. Run quickly, Betty, and open the door. Stir that log, Edward.

BETTY. [*Looking out of window.*] It is father, and John Alden is with him.

Enter Father and John Alden.

FATHER. Come in, John, and sit by our fire for a little while. The good wife will be glad to have a chat with you ere you go on your way.

JOHN ALDEN. [*Nodding to all.*] Good-day to you. How warm and comfortable you are here!

MOTHER. Yes, things are much better with Plymouth Colony than they were a year ago.

MARY. Oh, that terrible winter! I can never forget it.

MOTHER. It is better to think of the good we have than to grieve over what we cannot change.

FATHER. We have much to be thankful for. Less than a year ago we were doling out our small store of Indian corn, and fearing that soon even that would be gone.

JOHN ALDEN. Well do I remember the day when our ration was but five kernels each. Now we have food in plenty. [*He goes to fire and warms hands.*]

AUNT RUTH. How thankful we should be that our lives were spared in that dreadful time, and that our harvest has been abundant.

FATHER. That is what Governor Bradford said today in the town-meeting, and so he has set a day for public thanksgiving. We are to gather at the meeting-house for prayer and praise. Afterward there is to be a great feast. For three days we are to make merry.

MOTHER. Governor Bradford sets us all a good example. None of us can forget that sad day, ere we had left the *Mayflower,* when he came back to the ship to find his wife dead by drowning. Yet no one ever saw him give way to selfish grief.

JOHN ALDEN. And in the time of the great sickness he and Miles Standish were untiring in their loving care for the sick and dying.

MARY. It seems hard that our brave Captain's love and care could not save the life of sweet Rose Standish.

MOTHER. When sorrow is bravely borne it makes the heart tender. Miles Standish is a bluff soldier, but no one has a kinder heart.

EDWARD. [*Suddenly interrupting.*] Oh, father! tell us about the feast. Are the children to go? Did Governor Bradford say anything about us?

FATHER. Everyone is to go. Even the Indians are to be bidden, that thus they may learn we are truly their friends and that we wish to share our abundance with them.

EDWARD. [*Getting up and going to Father.*] But the feast, father! Do tell us about the feast!

FATHER. In good time you shall hear about the feast, but a thankful heart is better than a feast. Do not forget to give thanks in your heart for our present peace and plenty.

BETTY. Oh, but we do give thanks, father! Every day of our lives we are glad that we are no longer hungry.

MARY. And we give thanks that Squanto is our friend and helps us to be friendly with the other Indians.

BETTY. They look so savage and so strong, father, and there are so many of them! Every night when I climb to our dark loft to sleep I am glad that we do not need to fear the Indians.

EDWARD. [*Going to Betty and speaking proudly.*] When I am a man, Betty, I will be a soldier like Captain Miles Standish. I will carry a matchlock and a sword. Then you need never fear the Indians.

FATHER. Let us hope that Massasoit and his men may keep the peace with us so well that there will be no need for matchlocks and swords when you are a man, Edward.

MOTHER. Squanto is a true friend to us. He has been a great help in this new home of ours. He will do all he can in helping us to keep peace with Massasoit.

JOHN ALDEN. He has taught us many things. We knew nothing about maize until he taught us to plant it in hills, and to enrich the soil with fish.

FATHER. [*Nodding his approval.*] And to hoe the earth around the stalks, if we would have fat ears.

EDWARD. Squanto taught Robert and Richard how to catch eels. They go down to the shore and tread them out of the mud with their feet. Sometimes the mud is full of fat eels. Oh, I wish I were as big as Richard, so that I might learn to tread out eels! [*In his excitement he goes through the motion of treading out eels.*]

MOTHER. Often we would have gone hungry, had it not been for a pot of good eel broth.

AUNT RUTH. Squanto showed the lads where to find lobsters, too, and how to catch them.

MARY. And he taught us how to pound the maize into meal, and how to cook the meal.

BETTY. [*Leaving kettle and going to Mother.*] Mother, will you teach me how to make a journey-cake from pounded meal?

MOTHER. Yes, Betty, but do not forget to stir the meal in the kettle, else we may have scorched samp before we have a journey-cake.

[Betty hastily goes back to the fire-seat and again stirs the samp. At this moment laughter and boyish voices are heard outside. The door suddenly opens and the two lads, Robert and Richard, enter.]

AUNT RUTH. Here are our builders. How did Isaac Allerton's house fare at your hands today?

ROBERT. It is almost finished. There were five of us at work on it this afternoon.

FATHER. You have done well. This is the seventh dwelling-house in Plymouth; with the meeting-house and the store-houses it makes a year's work that our builders may be proud of. [*A knock on the door is heard.*] Hurry and open the door, Richard.

Enter Priscilla Mullens.

MOTHER. Good-day to you, Priscilla. How is it that you are out at this time of day? You are always so busy for others when it nears the time for the evening meal. [*Gives Priscilla a chair.*]

PRISCILLA. It is the news of the great feast that has brought me here when I should be at the fireside stirring samp, like Betty. I came to see if you can spare Mary to help me tomorrow. Do you know that Massasoit and his ninety men are to be here for three days? Is not that a goodly number for the four wives of Plymouth to feed?

MOTHER. It is true, Priscilla, that the great sickness left but four wives in the Colony, but the maidens are strong and willing. You are but a maiden, Priscilla, but you have a woman's heart, and as I see you so cheerful and so busy day after day, you seem to me to have the strength and the will of ten.

AUNT RUTH. We must all work to prepare for the feast. It is well that we have such a goodly store of plums and grapes.

MOTHER. This feast will not be like our English feasts. We cannot make the old dainties. We have neither milk nor eggs. We have no good beef and mutton, and no flour to make fine bread.

FATHER. [*Cheerily.*] We must not wish for these things, wife. We have found a land of freedom. We will take what it can give us and be thankful.

MOTHER. I know; I know! We will do our best.

AUNT RUTH. We have an abundance of corn for samp and hominy and Betty's journey-cakes. There are plenty of eels to boil and roast.

PRISCILLA. I have been trying my hand at these great golden pumpkins. They make fine pie. I want Mary to help me make a goodly store of them.

AUNT RUTH. [*Moving her chair nearer to Priscilla.*] We have heard of your pumpkin pies. Now every cook in the colony must needs try her skill at them. There will be no lack of pumpkin pies at the Governor's Thanksgiving feast.

PRISCILLA. Tomorrow we must get up betimes. The days will not be long enough for all we have to do.

MOTHER. And night is a poor time to work, when our only light is firelight and a fish-oil lamp.

MARY. I would we had the tallow candles of England.

FATHER. Have patience. In good time we shall be able to send a ship's load back to England. Then we may get cows in return, and we shall no longer miss the milk and butter and cheese, and the beef and tallow, of our English home.

JOHN ALDEN. Governor Bradford says that now the harvest is over we must get together a cargo of beaver-fur and sassafras to send back on the next ship that brings colonists to Plymouth.

PRISCILLA. [*Arising.*] I must go, now, to make supper for our household.

JOHN ALDEN. [*Hastily arising.*] I will walk home with you, Priscilla, if I may.

Exit Priscilla and John Alden.

EDWARD. [*Going over to his Mother.*] Since Priscilla and Mary are to make so many pumpkin pies for the feast, may I have two pieces, mother?

MOTHER. He who eats must first earn. What can you do for the great feast, Edward?

EDWARD. Oh, I had not thought of that! Let me see! I can bring wood for the fire and carry water.

BETTY. And I can scour the trenchers, and rub the pewter platters until they shine. Mother says that dingy pewter is the housekeeper's disgrace.

FATHER. There are lobsters and fish in the ocean and eels on the shore. There are turkeys and deer and bear in the forest. It may be that your mother will not miss the English fare, after all.

EDWARD. [*Going excitedly to his Father.*] Oh, father! Are you going to hunt for turkeys? May I go with you? Do you think that I can shoot a bear? Or may be a deer? Then Betty can have a deer-skin dress such as Squanto says the Indian maids wear.

ROBERT. Squanto says that the bears are very fierce, and that the deer are so swift that they can run away much faster than a small boy with a heavy matchlock can follow.

RICHARD. Do not try for a bear, Edward, until you have learned to shoot, else we may have a sad Thanksgiving day.

FATHER. [*Sitting down and lifting Edward to his knee.*] Keep away from the forest, Edward, until you are older. Have you forgotten how John Billington was lost in it for five days?

MOTHER. And was found among unfriendly Indians, twenty miles from home?

AUNT RUTH. And that it took ten men, well armed, to persuade the Indians to give him up?

[The sound of heavy footsteps is heard without. Robert quickly runs to the window and looks out. Seeing Captain Miles Standish, he throws the door wide open. Standish, with matchlock on shoulder, enters the room.]

MILES STANDISH. Good-day to you all! Who among you is for a hunt tomorrow? We will need many turkeys to feed Massasoit and his ninety men.

FATHER. Welcome, Captain! There are three here to join you, for Richard shall go with us tomorrow, on his first hunt.

RICHARD. How glad I am, father, that you will let me go! Squanto says the turkeys are very plentiful this year. He says there are as many as a hundred in some of the flocks.

FATHER. I have heard that an Indian once brought in a turkey weighing thirty pounds. We shall have need of such fowl if Massasoit's men are as keen of appetite as usual.

MILES STANDISH. After the hunt we will practice at arms that we may make a brave show at the Governor's feast. Then the Indians may see that we have something with which to eke out our scanty numbers. One matchlock offsets a score of savages in a fair count, I am thinking.

FATHER. [*Hearing footsteps.*] Go to the door, Richard, and see who are outside.

[Richard goes outside and in a moment returns with Squanto and three other Indians.]

RICHARD. Father, here are Squanto and three other Indians. They wish to tell Captain Miles Standish that they are on their way to Massasoit's camp.

MILES STANDISH. [*Going up to Squanto.*] Welcome, Squanto. What is it you wish?

SQUANTO. The white men make a great feast. Squanto and his friends go to tell Massasoit to bring all his men.

MILES STANDISH. Tell Massasoit that the Governor wishes him and his men to stay with us for three days. We will do our best to feast them well.

SQUANTO. Squanto will tell Massasoit. But first Massasoit will go on a great hunt. He will bring many deer for the feast.

Exit Squanto and other Indians.

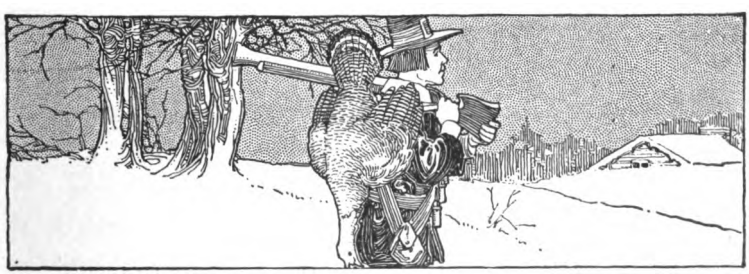
MILES STANDISH. Right glad will we be if Massasoit and his men do not come empty handed. One Indian may count for twenty at meal time. Ninety Indians may thus be a goodly number to feed, as I doubt not the good wife here is already thinking. Good-night. We will count on you and these two strong lads to help in the great hunt tomorrow.

Exit Miles Standish, matchlock on his shoulder.

FATHER. Let us get to our supper and then to bed. We have busy days before us. And as we prepare for our feast I hope that Edward and Betty will think not more of the good things to eat than of the goodness of God in guiding us to this free land.

MOTHER. And give thanks, too, that we are all here together, well and strong and happy, and ready to rejoice on our first THANKSGIVING DAY.

—Based on Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."



PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son:
But he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favour rather than silver and gold.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast:
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A faithful witness will not lie:
But a false witness will utter lies.

A soft answer turneth away wrath:
But grievous words stir up anger.

A wise son maketh a glad father:
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.

Pride goeth before destruction;
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

—*The Bible.*

Part II

FAIRYLAND AND ADVENTURE

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

ALICE BECOMES A QUEEN

"Well!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a queen so soon."

So she got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, "and if I really am a queen," she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. "Please, would you tell me——"she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!" the queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that——"

"Ridiculous!" cried the queen. "Why, don't you see, child——" here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a queen'? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination."

"I only said 'if'!" Alice pleaded, in a piteous tone.

The two queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, "She says she only said 'if'——"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards."

"I'm sure I didn't mean——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That's just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my hands," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you couldn't if you tried."

"She's in that state of mind," said the White Queen, "that she wants to deny something—only she doesn't know what to deny!"

"A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said, "And I invite you."

"I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked; "but I dare say you've not had many lessons in manners yet?"

ALICE'S EXAMINATION

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight,—I can't you know," Alice replied very readily; "but——"

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what's the answer to that?"

"I suppose——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread and butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me—and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how——"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways."

But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

"She can't do sums a bit!" the queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can you do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time; but I can't do Subtraction under any circumstances!"

"Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered; "we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know that!" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour——"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

"Well, it isn't picked at all," Alice explained; "it's ground——"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the

thunder—no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

A STRANGE COUNTRY

"Which reminds me—" the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunder-storm last Tuesday —I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said: "That's a poor thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule——"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, and five times as cold—just as I'm five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

Here the White Queen began again. "It was such a thunder-storm, you can't think!" ("She never could, you know," said the Red Queen.) "And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps —and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!"

Alice thought to herself: "I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! What would be the use of it?" but she did not say this aloud for fear of hurting the poor queen's feelings.

"Your Majesty must excuse her," the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it; "she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule."

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she ought to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on; "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers —would do wonders with her——"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I am so sleepy," she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen. "Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction; "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

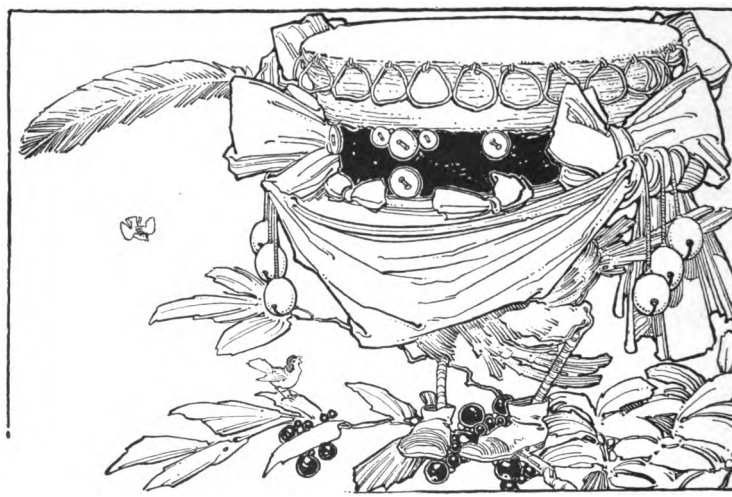
"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

"Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready we've time for a nap;
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all."

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to me. I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two queens asleep at once!"

—*Lewis Carroll.*



THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

—*Edward Lear.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

THE MILLER'S BOAST

Once upon a time there was a miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful and so clever, that he was always boasting about her loveliness and the wonderful things she could do.

One day the miller had to go to the palace to see the king on business, and as he wanted to appear very important, he said to the king, "Your Majesty has very good straw here in the royal barns, but I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

"Indeed," said the king, "she must be very clever. Send your daughter up to the palace at once that I may see what she can do." Now the king was very fond of gold.

The miller began to feel uncomfortable and to wish that he had not boasted quite so much, but he had to do as the king commanded. So he took his daughter up to the palace, and as soon as the king saw her, he led her into a large room filled with straw.

There he gave her a stool and a spinning wheel, and said, "Now, pretty one, see how quickly you can spin this straw into gold. I will come back tomorrow morning, and if it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death."

The poor maiden sat and wept. She had never heard of such a thing as spinning straw into gold, and

to save her life she could not think how it was to be done. She wept till she could scarcely see out of her eyes; then suddenly she heard a door creak, and a funny little man came hopping into the room.

"What are you crying about?" he asked. "You will spoil your pretty eyes if you do not stop. Tell me what is the matter, and I will try to help you."

"O, sir," said the maiden, "the king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold before tomorrow morning. If it is not done I shall lose my life, and I don't even know how to begin."

"Now what will you give me if I spin it for you?" asked the little man.

"I will give you my beautiful necklace," answered the maiden gladly.

Then the dwarf sat down at the spinning-wheel and began to spin. Whir, whir, went the straw, and out it came in shining threads, till all the straw was gone and the gold thread lay in a glistening heap.

"Good-bye," said the little man, bowing and taking the necklace. Before the miller's daughter could say "Thank you," he had hopped out of the room.

The next morning the king came very early to see if the straw was really turned into gold. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the shining pile, but it only made him want more. He led the maiden away quickly to another room, bigger than the first and also filled with straw, and told her that she must spin that into gold too.

"And if it is not done by tomorrow morning, you will know what to expect," he said.

This was really very hard, just when the poor girl thought her life was saved. She sat down by the spinning-wheel and began to weep more bitterly than ever, for though she had watched the little dwarf spinning the straw, she did not know at all how it was turned into gold.

But the moment she began to weep, the door flew open again and the little man came hopping in just as he had done the day before.

"Come, come," he said, "no more tears! What will you give me if I help you again?"

"I will give you my diamond ring," said the maiden joyfully. And again the dwarf sat down at the spinning-wheel, and again the wheel went whizzing round and round till all the straw was spun into gold.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the maiden. But he was gone before she could say another word.

The king's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he came next morning and saw the large pile of gold.

"This is really a wonderfully clever little maiden," he said to himself.

Then he took her to a still larger room filled with straw, and smiling kindly at her, he said, "If you can spin all this straw into gold before tomorrow morning, I will marry you and you shall be queen." He felt sure he would never find a richer or more beautiful wife in the whole world.

The king had not been gone more than a moment when in hopped the dwarf again, and you may be sure the miller's daughter was very glad to see him.

"What will you give me this time, if I do your work for you?" asked the little man.

Now the maiden had nothing more to give and did not know what to do. But the dwarf thought of a plan.

"You can make me a promise," he said. "When you are queen, and your first little baby is born, you shall give it to me."

The poor maiden thought there was very little chance of her ever being queen, so she promised at once, caring only about how she might save her life.

Then the dwarf spun the straw into gold, and the golden pile was so high that it reached the ceiling.

The next morning the king came as usual and was so pleased with the gold and the beauty of the maiden, that he began to prepare at once for the wedding. He gave her the most beautiful clothes and shining jewels, and they drove away together in a golden coach to church and were married without delay.

The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and never once thought of the promise which she had made to the dwarf. And as time went on a beautiful little baby was born and the queen was happier than ever.

"I shall never know what it is to be sad again," she said, as she held the baby close in her arms.

But at that very moment a door creaked, and looking up, the queen saw the same little dwarf come hopping in, just as he had done when he had come to spin the straw into gold.

"What do you want?" asked the queen, holding her baby more tightly, and looking at the dwarf with frightened eyes.

"I want the baby," answered the little man. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

Then the poor queen remembered how she had said she would give her first little baby to the dwarf, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, take anything else, only leave me my baby!" she cried. And she wept so bitterly that the dwarf was quite sorry for her. He had a kind heart, and he thought he would give the queen one more chance.

"If you can find out what my name is in three days, you shall keep your child," he said. Then he hopped quickly away.

The queen could not sleep that night, but lay awake thinking of all the names she had ever heard. When the little man came in the morning she began guessing the most difficult names she could think of. But to every name the dwarf answered with a merry grin, "No, that is not my name."

The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names they could find. When the little man appeared she asked, "Is is Spindleshanks, or Squint-eye, or Bandy-legs?"

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man, laughing.

Then the queen grew anxious, for there was only one day left, and she sent more messengers out to search for fresh names. But the messengers came back and said that they could find no new names.

Only one had a story to tell. He told how he had searched far and near until he came to the wildest part of a dark mountain. There, on the edge of a pine forest, he had come upon a little man dancing and shouting in front of a tiny red-roofed cottage. The little man had been baking, and he had a tray of loaves on his head. The loaves bounced up and down as he danced and sang:

"Today I brew, tonight I bake,
Tomorrow I shall the queen's child take;
For, guess as she may, she never can know
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin, O."

Then the queen clapped her hands with joy, for she was sure the little man was no other than the dwarf who was coming to take away her baby.

Very early next morning the dwarf arrived and hopped into the queen's room. He had brought a soft white blanket to wrap the baby in, for he was kind-hearted and did not want it to catch cold.

So he spread out the blanket and turned to the queen, saying gayly, "Well, have you guessed my name?"

The queen was smiling, too, but she pretended she was still trying to guess.

"Is it William?" she asked.

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man gleefully.

"Is it George?" she said.

"No, it is not!" cried the little man, hopping round on one leg.

"Is it John?" she asked sadly, as if she had come to the end of her questions.

"No, it is not John!" laughed the little man, preparing to wrap the baby up in the blanket.

"Then it must be Rumpelstiltskin!" she cried.

"The witches must have told you! The witches must have told you! Oh, bother the witches!" screamed the little man, dancing with rage and disappointment, as he hopped back to his little cottage, carrying the empty blanket. And the queen never saw Rumpelstiltskin again.

—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

THE WISE JACKAL

THE TIGER AND THE BRAHMAN

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a cage. He tried to get out through the bars, but they were too strong for him. He was so angry that he rolled and bit with rage. Just then a poor Brahman came by.

"Let me out of this cage, good Brahman. Oh! do let me out!" cried the tiger.

"Oh no! my friend, I dare not do that," replied the Brahman. "You would eat me, if I did."

"Not at all!" cried the tiger. "How can you think such a thing? Let me out! Do let me out! Then I will thank you forever. I will stay with you always, and be your slave."

Then the tiger sighed and wept and threw himself against the bars. The good Brahman felt so sorry for him that at last he opened the door of the cage. Out jumped the tiger and seized the poor man.

"How foolish you were to let me out!" he said. "I have been in that cage a long time and I am so hungry that I shall eat you up!"

The Brahman was terribly frightened. "Give me a little time," he begged. "Let us talk it over. I think you are not treating me fairly. Is this the way to repay kindness? There is a village just beyond. Let us go there and find three men. We will tell them the story and let them decide."

"No, indeed!" said the tiger. "I seldom go to the village by day. And why should men decide? They are often foolish, as no doubt you know by this time. But I will agree to this: You may walk on down the road; you may choose three things that you see on the way; tell them what has happened, and ask them if I am more unjust than men are. Then you must come back to the cage. I will do as they decide."

So the Brahman walked along until he came to a fig tree. He told his story to the tree. "Now, has the tiger treated me fairly?" he asked. "Is that the way to reward my kindness?"

But the fig tree looked at him coldly. "What have you to complain about?" it said. "Just see how I am treated! I give food and shelter to every one who passes by. But what do I get in return? Men tear down my branches to feed their cattle. The tiger is treating you as well as men treat me."

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went on until he saw a buffalo. One end of a long pole was tied over the buffalo's head, the other was fastened to the upright axle of a great wheel. All day long the buffalo was made to go round and round, turning the heavy wheel of the well that watered the fields.

The Brahman told his story to the buffalo. "Am I not treated very badly?" he said. "Is the tiger doing right to reward my kindness in this way?"

"You are foolish to expect anything better," said the buffalo. "Look at me! While I gave milk, men

fed me on cotton-seed and oil-cake. Now that I am old, what do they do? They yoke me here to turn this heavy well-wheel all day long, and they feed me on scraps. The tiger treats you as well as men treat me."

The Brahman felt very unhappy. "I have one more chance," he said; "but I will go no farther; I will ask the road." So he told his story to the road.

"My dear sir," said the road, "you do not know men as I do. Here am I, useful to every one. Rich and poor, great and small, tread on me as they go by. What do they give me in return? Nothing but the ashes of their pipes, and the husks of their grain!"

THE JACKAL OUTWITS THE TIGER

"I may as well go back," said the Brahman, "and let the tiger eat me." But on the way he met a jackal.

"What is the matter?" asked the jackal. "Why do you look so unhappy?"

Then the Brahman told him all that had happened. "I don't understand you," said the jackal. "Tell it all over again. I seem to get it all mixed up."

Then the Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head. He did not seem to understand.

"It's very odd," he said sadly. "But it seems to go in at one ear and out at the other. Let us go back to the place where it all happened. Then perhaps you can make me understand."

So they went back to the cage. The tiger stood there, waiting for the poor Brahman.

"You have been away a long time," he growled.

"Give me five minutes more," begged the Brahman. "I want to explain things to the jackal. He seems to be slow in his wits."

"I'll give you just five minutes," said the tiger.

So the Brahman told everything all over again to the jackal, making the story as long as he could.

"Oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see; how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by—"

"Pooh!" cried the tiger. "How stupid you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal. "Yes! *I* was in the cage. No I wasn't. Dear, dear! where are my wits? Let me see—the tiger stood by the Brahman and the cage came walking by. No, that's not right, either! Well don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you *shall* understand!" cried the tiger in a rage. "I'll *make* you understand! Look here! I am the tiger. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger," answered the jackal.

"This is the Brahman. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And this is the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And *I* was in the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes—no. Please, Sir Tiger—"

"Well, what is it?" cried the tiger, in great anger.

"Please, Sir Tiger," said the jackal, "how did you get in the cage?"

"How did I get in the cage?" growled the tiger. "Why, there is only one way to get in the cage!"

"Oh, dear me!" said the jackal. "What a poor head I have! It is beginning to whirl again. Please don't be angry, Sir Tiger, but what *is* the only way to get in the cage?"

At this, the tiger was filled with rage. He jumped into the cage. "This way!" he roared. "This is the only way to get in the cage. Now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes I understand perfectly," grinned the jackal, as he fastened the door quickly. The tiger was caught again, and the good Brahman was saved.

—*A Tale from India.*

THE FOOLISH JACKAL

Once upon a time a camel and a jackal were great friends. One day the jackal said to the camel, "I know where there is a fine field of sugar-cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I will show you where it is. While you are feeding on sugar-cane, I will hunt for crabs and fishes; so we will both have a good dinner."

"Very well," said the camel, and he took the jackal on his back and swam across the river. When they reached the other side, the camel began eating the sugar-cane, and the jackal ran along the river bank, eating bits of fishes, crabs, and minnows.

Now the jackal was so small and so quick that he had finished his dinner before the big, slow camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls. Then he began to run round and round the field, yelping at every jump with all his might.

The people of the village near by heard him, and said, "There is a jackal in the sugar-cane field; he will scratch holes in the ground and spoil the crop." So they all went down to drive him away.

When they got there they were surprised to find not only a jackal, but a camel, who was eating the sugar-cane! The sight of the camel made the villagers very angry, and they drove him out of the field, beating him until the poor beast was almost dead.

"We had better go home," said the jackal to the camel, after the villagers had gone. "Very well," said the camel, "jump upon my back as you did in coming over."

Taking the jackal on his back, the camel started across the river. When they had reached deep water, the camel said, "That was a pretty trick you played on me, friend jackal! No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you started out running and yelping and making such a noise as to arouse the whole village. You brought all the people down to the sugar-cane to beat me black-and-blue, and drive me out of the field before I had eaten more than two mouthfuls. Why did you make such a noise?"

"I don't know," said the jackal. "It is a habit I have; I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The camel waded on, but the water was getting deeper,—up to his knees, up to his sides,—then higher and higher, until he had to swim. Turning to the jackal, the camel said, "I want to roll over in the water."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried the jackal; "why do you want to roll over in the water?"

"I don't know," answered the camel. "It is a habit I have; I always like to roll a little after dinner."

So the camel rolled over in the deep water and the jackal fell off. The poor jackal was nearly drowned but the camel easily swam to shore.

—*A Tale from India.*

THE NUREMBERG STOVE

AUGUST'S HOME

August lived in a little town of Austria called Hall. It is on the River Inn, and it has green meadows and great mountains all about it. It has paved streets and charming little shops and a grand old church. Then there is the Tower, looking down on a long wooden bridge, and the broad, rapid river.

August was a small boy of nine years at the time of this story—a chubby-faced little man with rosy cheeks, big hazel eyes, and clusters of curls, the brown of ripe nuts. His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were many mouths at home to feed. He had been sent on a long errand outside the gates one afternoon and had been delayed. He was half-frozen, but he kept up his courage by saying over and over again to himself, "I shall soon be at home with dear Hirschvogel."

He went on through the streets into the place where the great church was and where stood the house of his father, Karl Strehla.

At his knock and call the solid oak door, four centuries old, flew open, and the boy darted in, and shouted, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died!"

It was a large room into which he rushed with so much pleasure. At one end of it, sending out warmth

and color together, as the lamp shed its rays upon it, was a tower of porcelain, shining with all the hues of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels. It had mounted upon it armed figures and flowers, and a great golden crown upon the highest point of all.

It was a stove of the year 1532, and on it were the letters H. R. H., for it was the handiwork of the great potter of Nuremberg, Augustin Hirschvogel, who always signed his mark in that way. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces; it was a royal thing. Yet it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor room, sending down comfort into the troop of children, tumbled together on a wolfskin at its feet, who received August with shouts of joy.

"Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August, kissing its gilded lion's claws. "Is father not in, Dorothea?" he said, speaking to his oldest sister.

"No, dear. He is late. But father says we are never to wait for him; we will have supper, now you have come home," said Dorothea.

After supper the three eldest boys slipped off to bed, being tired with a hard day's work. Dorothea drew her spinning-wheel near to the stove and set it whirring, and the little ones got August down upon the wolfskin and asked him for a picture or a story. For August was the artist of the family.

He had a piece of planed board that his father had given him, and some sticks of charcoal, and he would

draw a hundred things he had seen in the day, sweeping each out with his elbow when the children had seen enough of it.

He would sketch faces and dogs' heads, and men in sledges, and old women in their furs, and pine-trees, and cocks and hens, and all sorts of animals. It was all very rough, for there was no one to teach him. But it was all life-like, and kept the children shrieking with laughter, or watching breathless, with wide-open, wondering eyes.

"Tell us a story, August," they cried, when they had seen charcoal pictures till they were tired. And August did as he did every night, nearly,—looked up at the stove and told the children what he imagined of the adventures and joys and sorrows of the man who was shown on the panels, from his cradle to his grave.

The stove, as I have said, was a very grand thing. It was of great height and breadth, with all the luster that Hirschvogel learned to give to his enamels. There was the statue of a king at each corner, modelled with much skill.

The body of the stove was divided into panels, the borders of which had roses and holly painted upon them. The whole was burnished with gilding in many parts, and was shining with brilliant coloring.

August's grandfather, who had been a mason, had dug the stove up out of some ruins where he was building, and finding it without a flaw, had taken it

home. That was now sixty years past, and ever since then the stove had stood in the big empty room, warming three generations of the family.

Once a traveling peddler had told them that the letters on it meant Augustin Hirschvogel, and that Hirschvogel had been a great German potter and painter, like his father before him, in the city of Nuremberg. He said Hirschvogel had made many such stoves, all wonders of beauty and of workmanship, putting all his heart and his soul and his faith into his work, as the men of those times did, and thinking but little of gold or praise.

So the stove had come to be called Hirschvogel in the family. And little August was very proud because he had been named after that famous old German who had made so glorious a thing.

All the children loved the stove, but with August the love of it was a passion. He used to say to himself, "When I am a man I will make such things too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room in a house that I will build. That is what I will do when I am a man."

August lay now in the warmth of the stove and told the children stories, his face growing red with excitement as his imagination glowed to fever-heat.

In the midst of their chatter and laughter a blast of freezing air reached them even in the warmth of the old wolfskin and the great stove. The door had opened; it was their father who had come home.

That night Karl Strehla responded very wearily to the welcome of his children, and sat down heavily.

"Take the children to bed," he said, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind, curled up before the stove.

Dorothea came down from putting the little ones into their beds, then sat down to her spinning, saying nothing.

THE STOVE IS SOLD

Suddenly Karl Strehla struck his hand on the table. "I have sold Hirschvogel," he said; and his voice was husky and ashamed. The spinning-wheel stopped. August sprang up.

"I have sold it to a traveling trader in such things for two hundred florins. I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will take it to Munich tomorrow."

August went close to his father. "It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father!" The boy's eyes were wide open, fastened on his father's. His face had grown as white as his sister's; his chest heaved. "It is not true! It is not true!" he repeated.

"You will find it true," said his father. "The dealer has paid me half the money tonight, and will pay me the other half tomorrow when he takes it away. No doubt it is worth more, but beggars cannot be choosers. The black stove in the kitchen will warm you all just as well. Who would keep a gilded thing

in a house like this, when one can make two hundred florins by it? 'It is a stove for a museum,' the trader said when he saw it. To a museum let it go."

"Oh! father!" August cried, throwing himself on his knees at his father's feet, his face very white. "Sell me rather. Sell me to any trade you like. But Hirschvogel! you could not do such a thing—you could not!—you who have always been gentle and good, and who have sat in the warmth here with our mother. Oh, listen; I will go and try to get work to-morrow! I will ask them to let me cut ice or make the paths through the snow. There must be something that I could do, and I will beg the people we owe money to, to wait; they are all neighbors; they will wait for it. But sell Hirschvogel!—oh, never, never, never! Give the florins back to the man. Oh, father, dear father! do hear me!"

"You are a little fool," said his father, harshly, as they had never heard him speak before. "Get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. Be thankful I can get bread for you. Get on your legs, I say, and go to bed."

Sorrowfully, August left the room. All that night he lay tossing on his bed. In the morning, while it was yet dark, the three elder brothers came down, each bearing his lantern and going to his work in the stone-yard and timber-yard and salt-works.

August had not slept, but he arose and went down to take a last look at the beautiful stove, just in time

to hear loud blows with the heavy iron knocker of the house-door. A strange voice called out,—"Let me in! There is no time to lose! Let me in! Do you hear? I am come to take the great stove."

As his father came into the room and opened the door, August sprang up, screaming: "You shall never touch it! You shall never touch it!"

"Who shall prevent us?" laughed a big man, amused at the fierce little figure.

"I!" said August. "You shall never have it! You shall kill me first!"

"Strehla," said the big man, "you have a little mad dog here; muzzle him."

One way and another they did muzzle him. His father put him out from the back entrance, and the buyers of the beautiful stove set to work to pack it and bear it out to an ox-cart which stood waiting.

August stood for a time, leaning sick and faint against the back wall of the house. The wall looked out upon a court where there was a well. Into the court an old neighbor hobbled for water, and seeing the boy, said to him:

"Child, is it true your father is selling the big painted stove?"

August nodded his head, then burst into tears.

"Go after it when you are bigger," said the neighbor, with a good-natured wish to cheer him up a little. "The world is a small thing after all; your stove will be safe enough whoever gets it."

AUGUST GOES WITH THE STOVE

August remained leaning against the wall; his head was buzzing and his heart fluttering with a new idea. "Go after it," had said the old man. August thought, "Why not go with it?"

It was taken by the men to the railway station and was to be sent by a freight-train which was to pass in half an hour.

August made a desperate resolve in his little mind. Where Hirschvogel went, he would go. He gave one terrible thought to Dorothea—poor, gentle Dorothea! —then set to work. How he managed it he never knew clearly himself, but when the freight-train moved out of Hall, August was hidden behind the stove, wedged amidst cases of wood-carvings, of clocks and clock-work, of toys, of Turkish carpets, of Russian skins.

He was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he meant to be closer still. For he meant to get inside Hirschvogel itself.

Being a shrewd little boy, and having a few pieces of money in his pocket, earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station, and this he ate in the darkness.

When he had eaten, not as much as he wanted, but as much as he thought wise (for who could say when he would be able to buy anything more?) he set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the bands of straw which wrapped the stove. He gnawed and nibbled and pulled, just as a mouse would

have done, making his hole where he guessed the opening of the stove was—the opening through which he had so often thrust the big oak logs.

He had hard work getting through the straw and twisted ropes; but get through them he did, and found the door of the stove. He slipped through, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up there.

Air came in through the brass fret-work of the stove. With great care he leaned out, drew the hay and straw together and rearranged the ropes, so that no one would ever have dreamed a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again, and, being safe inside dear Hirschvogel and very cold, he fell fast asleep.

The slow train took the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go over the ground that the mail-trains cover in a forenoon. But at last it came to Rosenheim, which marks the border of Bavaria.

Here the stove was lifted out carefully and set down under the roof of a shed. There it passed the rest of the night and all the next morning.

Happily for August, the thick wrappings of the stove and the stoutness of its make screened him from the cold, else he must have died—frozen. He still had some of his loaf, and a little—a very little—of his sausage. But he began to suffer from thirst, and this frightened him more than anything else; for Doro-

thea had read to them one night a story of the tortures some wrecked men had suffered because they could not find any water but the salt sea. It was many hours since he had taken a drink.

Fortunately for him, the stove, having been marked "fragile and valuable," was not treated like a mere bale of goods, and the station-master decided to send it on by a passenger-train. And when this train went out, in it, among piles of baggage, was August, still undiscovered.

He had begun to get used to his prison, and a little used to the pounding and rattling and shaking. All in the dark he was, and terribly thirsty; but he kept feeling the sides of the giant stove and saying, softly, "Take care of me; oh, take care of me, dear Hirschvogel!"

At last the train stopped with a jar and a jerk, and he could hear men crying, "Munich! Munich!"

Then he knew enough of geography to know that he was in the heart of Bavaria. He felt himself once more carried on the shoulders of men, rolled along on a truck, and set down, where he knew not, only he knew he was thirsty—so thirsty!

"I shall not unpack it till Anton comes," he heard a man's voice say; and then he heard a key grate in a lock. By the stillness he knew he was alone, and ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a square room filled with pictures, carvings, old blue jugs, old steel armor, shields, daggers, Chinese

idols, china, Turkish rugs, and all the articles of a bric-a-brac dealer's.

It seemed a wonderful place to him; but, oh! was there one drop of water in it all? That was his single thought; for his tongue was parching, and his throat felt on fire, and his chest began to be dry and choked as with dust. There was not a drop of water, but there was a grated window, and beyond the window was a stone ledge covered with snow.

August cast one look at the locked door, darted out of his hiding-place, ran and opened the window, and crammed the snow into his mouth again and again. Then he flew back into the stove, drew the hay and straw over the place by which he entered, tied the cords, and shut the brass door down on himself. He had brought some big icicles with him, and by them his thirst was quenched. Then he sat listening, once more with his natural boldness.

THE STOVE IS SOLD AGAIN

By and by the key turned in the lock of the door. He heard heavy footsteps and the voice of the man who had said to his father, "You have a little mad dog; muzzle him!" The voice said, "You have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have bought for two hundred florins. Never did you do such a stroke of work."

Then the other voice grumbled, and the heart of the child went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. They began to strip

the stove of its wrappings. Soon they stripped it: that he knew by the exclamations of wonder which broke from the man who had not seen it before.

"A right royal thing! Magnificent! Matchless!"

After praising and marveling, the men moved to a distance and began talking of sums of money. All August could make out was that the king—the king—the king was used very often in their arguments. After a while they seemed to agree to something, and were in great glee. He had made out from their talk that they were going to show Hirschvogel to some great person.

Presently the door opened. He could hear the two dealers' voices and the voice of another person, clearer and softer, close by the boy's ear, which exclaimed, "Beautiful!" August almost lost his terror in his thrill of pride that his beloved Hirschvogel was being thus admired in the great city.

"Beautiful!" said the stranger a second time, and then examined the stove in all its parts and read all its mottoes.

After a while the men went away, leaving August and Hirschvogel to pass the night there.

"Oh, save me; take care of me!" he prayed to the old fire-king, and forgot, poor little man, that he had come on this wild chase to save and to take care of Hirschvogel!

After a time he dropped asleep, as children can do when they weep.

August awoke with a start, just as the clocks of the city struck six in the morning. All was dark around him. Was it still night or had morning come?

Tramp, tramp, came a heavy step up the stair. August was scarcely conscious of danger or cold or hunger. A sense of courage, of security, of happiness, was about him. Hirschvogel would defend him.

The dealers began to wrap up the stove once more in its straw and cordage. Presently they called up their porters, and the stove was carried on the shoulders of six stout men down the stairs and out into the streets. Even behind all those wrappings August felt the icy bite of the cold air.

The stout carriers tramped through the city to the railway station. August recognized the railway noises, and thought, "Will it be a long journey?" For his stomach had an odd shrinking, and his head felt light and swimming. If it was to be a very long journey he felt that he would be dead before the end, and Hirschvogel would be so lonely; that was what he thought most about; not much about himself, and not much about those at home.

Whether for a long or a short journey, the stove was this time not left alone. The two dealers and the six porters were with it. In his darkness August knew that, for he heard their voices.

Though the men grumbled about the roads and the season, they laughed often, and promised their porters fine presents at New-Year. And August, like a shrewd

little boy as he was, thought to himself,—"They have sold Hirschvogel for some great sum! They have sold him already!"

Then his heart grew faint and sick within him. He knew very well that he might die, shut up without food and water; and if he did not die, would the new owner of the fireplace permit him to live with it?

"Never mind; I will die," thought he; "and Hirschvogel will know it."

Perhaps you think him a very foolish little fellow, but I do not. It is always good to be loyal and ready to endure to the end.

It is but an hour and a quarter that the train usually takes to pass from Munich to the Wurm-See or Lake of Starnberg; but this morning the journey was much slower, because the way was deep with snow.

When the train came to a stop and the stove was lifted out, August heard one of the dealers say to the porters, "Now, men, for a stout mile and a half! You shall have your reward at Christmas-time." They shouldered the stove, grumbling at its weight, but little dreaming that they carried within it a small, trembling boy; for August began to tremble now that he was about to see the future owner of Hirschvogel.

"If he seems to be a good, kind man," he thought, "I will beg him to let me stay with it."

He could see nothing, for the brass door was over his head, and all that he saw through it was the clear sky.

Then he heard voices, but could not understand what was being said. His bearers paused some time, then moved on again. Their feet went so softly he thought they must be moving on carpet, and as he felt a warm air come to him, he knew that he was in some heated rooms. For he was a clever little fellow, and could put two and two together, though he was so hungry and so thirsty and his empty stomach felt so strange.

They must have gone through a great number of rooms, he thought, for they walked on and on, on and on. At last the stove was set down.

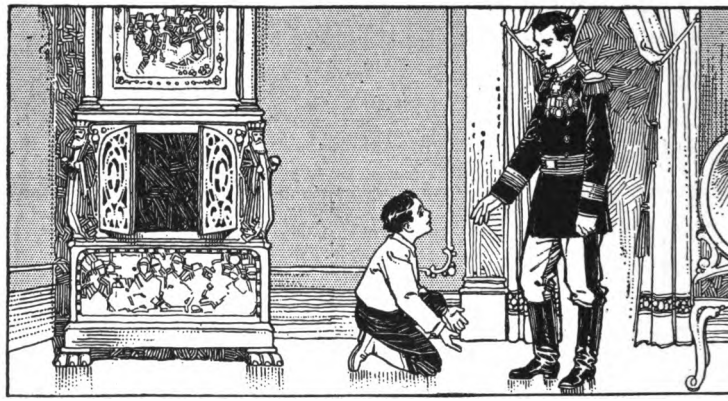
AUGUST BEFORE THE KING

The steps seemed to go away, leaving him alone with Hirschvogel. He dared not look out, but peeped through the brass-work. All he could see was a big carved lion's head in ivory, with a gold crown. It belonged to a velvet arm-chair, but he could not see the chair, only the ivory lion.

Soon he heard a step near him, and he heard a low voice say, close behind him, "So!"

Then the same voice said, after a long pause, "It was well bought; it is very beautiful! It is undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

Then the hand of the speaker turned the round handle of the brass door, and the heart of the little prisoner within grew sick with fear. The door was slowly drawn open, some one bent down and looked in,



and the same voice that he had heard in praise of its beauty called in surprise, "What is this in it? A live child?"

Then August sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh, let me stay! Pray, sir, let me stay!" he sobbed. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel!"

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid; tell me the truth. I am the king."

August cast his battered black hat down on the floor, and folded his little brown hands. He was too much in earnest to be in any way afraid. He was only so glad—so glad it was the king. Kings were always kind, he said to himself.

"Oh, dear king!" he cried, with trembling entreaty in his faint little voice, "Hirschvogel was ours, and

we have loved it all our lives; and father sold it. And when I saw that it did really go from us, then I said to myself I would go with it; and I have come all the way inside it. And I pray you to let me live here with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and you, if you will only let me stay beside it. No one ever has fed it with fuel but me since I grew big enough, and it loves me—it does indeed."

Then his breath failed him, and as he lifted his little, eager, pale face to the young king's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"I am August Strehla. My father is Karl Strehla. We live in Hall; and Hirschvogel has been ours so long—so long!" His lips trembled with a broken sob.

"And have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way from Tyrol?"

"Yes," said August; "no one thought to look inside till you did."

"Who bought the stove of your father?" asked the king.

"Traders of Munich," said August, who did not know that he should not speak to the king as to a simple citizen.

"What sum did they pay your father, do you know?" asked the king.

"Two hundred florins," said August. "It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his companions. "Did these dealers of Munich come with the stove?"

When he was told that they had done so, he ordered them to be brought before him.

"You are very pale, little fellow; when did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me; yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water I would be glad; my throat is very dry."

The king had water brought for him, and cake also; but August, though he drank eagerly, could not eat anything. His mind was in too great trouble.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel?—May I stay?" he said.

"Wait a little," said the king, and then he asked, "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was—I mean the master that made my Hirschvogel."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought before the king. They were frightened and trembling. And they were so astonished, too, at a child's having come all the way from Tyrol in the stove, as a gentleman of the court had just told them this child had done, that they looked very foolish.

"Did you buy this stove of this little boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked them; and

his voice was no longer soft and kind as it had been when speaking to the child, but very stern.

"Yes, your majesty," murmured the trembling traders.

"And how much did the man who purchased it for me give you?"

"Two thousand ducats, your majesty," muttered the dealers, frightened out of their wits.

"You will give to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received, less the two hundred Austrian florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are great rogues. Be thankful you are not more greatly punished."

He allowed them to go, and asked one of his court officers to see that the dealers gave up their ill-gotten gains.

August heard, and felt dazed. Two thousand gold Bavarian ducats for his father! Why, his father would never need to go any more to the salt-baking! And yet, whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same; and would the king let him stay with it?—would he?

"Oh, do! oh, please do!" he murmured, joining his little brown hands, and kneeling down before the young king.

The king looked down on the child, and as he did so smiled once more. "Rise up, my little man," he said in a kind voice; "kneel only to your God. Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall

stay at my court, and you shall be taught to be a painter,—in oils or in porcelain as you will,—and you must win all the prizes at our schools of art. And if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, then I will give you your Nuremberg stove; or, if I am no more living, then those who reign after me shall do so. And now go away with this man, and be not afraid. You shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

Then he smiled and stretched out his hand; the men near him tried to make August understand that he ought to bow and touch the king's hand with his lips, but August could not understand; he was too happy. He threw his arms about the king's knees and kissed his feet. Then he lost all sense of where he was, and fainted away from hunger.

He is only a student yet, but he is a happy student, and some day will be a great man. Sometimes he goes back for a little visit to Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father comfortable. In the old room there is a large white porcelain stove, the king's gift to Dorothea.

August never goes home without going into the great church and saying his thanks to God, who blessed his strange winter's journey in the Nuremberg stove.

—Louise de la Ramée—Abridged.

THAT CALF

An old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright,
"Now which of you, last night,
Shut the barn door while I was in bed?"
Each one of them half shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the door,
But they said that she did, all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple-gray, "I was not up this way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Where's the one to object,
If I say, 'tis that calf I suspect?"

"It is too wicked, now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks."
Said the cock in the tree, "I am sure 'twasn't me;"
All the sheep just said, "Bah!" — there were six;
And they thought, "Now that calf's in a fix!"

"Of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat;
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think me
a fool,

But I'm not quite so simple as that,—
Well, that calf never knows what she's at!"

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door?" said the farmer once more;
And she answered, "I did, sir, last night;
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head: "She will catch it," they said;
"Serve her right, for her meddlesome way."
Cried the farmer: "Come here, little bossy, my dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from today.

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat,—
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl,
The mule tried to smile, the cock to crow;
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite here,"
They all cried; "we're so glad it was you!"
But that calf only answered them, "Boo!"

—*Alice Cary.*

AGREED TO DISAGREE

A mouse, a cricket, a bumblebee
Started out in the sweet spring weather.
"Let's all agree,"
Said the bumblebee,
"To build us a house and live together."
"I'm willing to try,"
Said the cricket spry,
Said dear little mousie, "So am I."

"Under the porch, away down low,"
The cricket chirruped in rare delight;
"Is the place, I know,
For us to go;
There's not the tiniest ray of light!
We'll hide away
From the dazzling day,
And chirrup and buzz and squeak all night."
Said the mouse, "O dear,
I fear, I fear
Such a place would be so dark and drear!"

"Away, 'way up in the elm tree high,"
Said the bumblebee, "is a cozy nook,
In the early light
Of the morning bright
A royal place. Let us go and look."
Said the cricket, "Why,
As I cannot fly,
I never could think of going so high."

Said the Mistress Mouse, "The finest spot
Is out in the field of growing wheat;
We'll build a dot
Of a nest—why not?—
Convenient, cozy, and snug and sweet."
Said the bumblebee,
"Dear me, dear me!
Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
Built a wee, wee house,
And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay.
The bumblebee
From his hole in the tree
Buzzed and hummed through the sunny day,
While the cricket stole
To the darkest hole
And chirruped till morning's earliest ray.
And though they could never live together,
All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.

—*Sydney Dayre.*

A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON'S PLAN

One day, while the Revolutionary War was in progress, the loud barking of a house dog brought a servant to the door of an old farmhouse.

"Is your master at home?" inquired a tall man standing outside.

"No, sir. He's got his horse, and gone off more than an hour ago."

"Where is your mistress?" asked the man.

"She is in the house, sir," replied the servant.

"Are there any strangers in the house?"

"There were plenty of them a little while ago, but they've been gone a good bit."

The tall man, having satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, told the servant to take his horse; then he entered the house.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was seated at a table with a large dish before her into which she was shelling beans, "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house!"

"Good luck, Mr. Horse-Shoe Robinson," exclaimed the matron, offering her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you?"

"I am all alone," said Robinson. "And I am a little wettish, too, mistress," he added, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it. "It has

just set up a rain, and looks as if it might be going to give us enough. Where's Mr. Ramsay?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden: perhaps you can tell the news from that quarter."

"That I cannot, Mistress Ramsay. At this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps—and that's myself. I was hoping I might find your son John at home. I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it. The brave boy is very often without half enough sleep, or a meal's victuals. The general thinks so much of him, that he can't spare him to come home. I hav'n't the heart to complain as long as John's service is of any use, but we thought he might have been here today. Yet I am glad he didn't come; he would have been certain to get into trouble. For who should come in this morning, just after my husband had got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-hoop British ensign, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats. Here they were, swaggering all about my house —and calling for this—and calling for that—as if they owned everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise to see them catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them—and I not daring to say a word; though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the soldier.

"Nobody but my youngest son, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then the thieving rioters——"

"What arms have you in the house?" interrupted Robinson, without heeding her anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John.—They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern."

"They took the road toward their camp, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, but see here, Mr. Horse-Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired Robinson, paying no attention to her question.

"There is; with the old schoolhouse upon it."

"A rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field?"

"Yes," answered the woman, puzzled.

"I know the place very well; there are woods just on this side of it."

"That's true; but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both—and the powder-horn and bullets."

"If you say so, Mr. Horse-Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't guess what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the soldier.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse-Shoe Robinson.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age came into the room.

"How would you like a scrimmage, Andy, with the Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse-Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy.

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse-Shoe!" exclaimed the mother.

"Bless your soul, Mistress Ramsay, there is no danger about it. Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in this war—God protect him! I cannot give another." And she threw her arms over the shoulders of her son and drew him to her bosom.

"I give you my word of honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Horse-Shoe Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back home in one hour. Come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear.

"On the honesty of a soldier, ma'am," replied Horse-Shoe Robinson.

"Then I will say no more," said the mother.

Horse-Shoe now loaded the fire-arms and put the pistol into the hands of the boy. Then he shouldered his rifle and, with Andy, left the room.

But Horse-Shoe did not depart without giving some sign of that light-heartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have the power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with a laugh, "Andy and I will teach them a thing or two, Mistress Ramsay—we will surround the ragamuffins."

THE CAPTURE

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse-Shoe, after he had mounted his horse, "you must get up behind me."

By the time that his instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurers had arrived at the old field. Smoke was rising from the chimney of the hovel.

Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed upon, in order to be sure that he had them in his memory.

"Remember, Andy," said Robinson, "if you hear any popping of fire-arms—that is more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—you must take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can. Do you understand all, now?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more, too, may be, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson—remember, Andy, *Captain* Robinson. You must call me captain in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that either," said the boy.

Being satisfied that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, Robinson galloped forward, and reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall.

Robinson leaped from his saddle and sprang through the door. "File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders! I demand the surrender of all here!" he shouted, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot!"

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside the house.

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand."

Both parties stood eyeing each other. Robinson was beginning to fear that his trick would be discovered, when Andrew suddenly appeared at the door.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face toward the field. "Shall I let loose upon them, Captain?"

"Keep them outside the door—stand fast!" cried Robinson, promptly meeting the new state of affairs. "Sir," he said, turning again to the young officer, "you

must see that it is not worth fighting five to one. I should be very sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so, take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

While Horse-Shoe was speaking, the lad outside was calling out, first on one name, and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The trick succeeded, and the officer said: "Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little party."

"Never doubt me, sir," replied Robinson. "Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

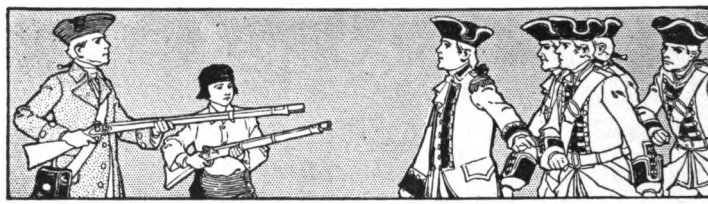
"I'm here, Captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion for merriment; and the lad quickly carried the four muskets out of the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse-Shoe to the officer, "your sword, and whatever else you have about you of the weapons of war!"

The officer gave up his sword and pocket pistols.

As Horse-Shoe Robinson received these, he asked, with a smile, "Your name, sir, if I may take the freedom?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of His Majesty's Seventy-first Regiment of Light Infantry."



"Ensign, your servant," said Horse-Shoe very politely. "You have defended your post like an old soldier, although you hav'n't beard on your chin. You shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. Walk out now, and form in line at the door."

When the little squad of prisoners came out of the door, they were astonished and mortified to find, in the place of the troop of cavalry, which they had expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse.

Their first feelings were of great anger, which were succeeded by laughter from one or two of them. Then glances were exchanged, which showed a purpose to turn upon their captors. Horse-Shoe no sooner saw this, than he raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn it."

"You have my word," said the ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, you will lead and I will follow," replied Horse-Shoe.

"As you please, sir," answered the ensign.

Seeing that Robinson was determined to shoot the first who should resist, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back toward Ramsay's. Horse-Shoe followed, with his horse's bridle over his arm, and young Andrew, with the fire-arms packed upon his shoulders, brought up the rear. In this order they returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said Robinson, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and what's more, I have brought home a young soldier that is worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse-Shoe; "but he did good service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there were men to fight with, that's all!"

—*From "Horse-Shoe Robinson," by J. P. Kennedy.*

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE

Act I

Time—Christmas Eve
Scene—Scrooge's Sitting-room

Persons:
Scrooge
Scrooge's Nephew
Christmas Fairy

[Scrooge in dressing-gown, slippers, and nightcap, sits before a fire. He is eating from a bowl of gruel and his face is scowling. Scrooge's Nephew comes in, with his face smiling and his eyes sparkling. He looks cheerful and kind.]

Nephew. A Merry Christmas, uncle!

Scrooge. [*Sneering.*] Bah! Humbug!

Nephew. Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure.

Scrooge. I do. Merry Christmas, indeed! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Nephew. [*Gayly.*] Come, then! What right have you to be cross? You're rich enough.

Scrooge. Bah! Humbug! You are just like my clerk, Bob Cratchit. He wished me Merry Christmas today and he hasn't one sixpence to rub against another.

Nephew. Bob Cratchit has something better than sixpences. He has a heart full of kindness and love. Come, don't be cross, uncle!

SCROOGE. What else can I be when I live in such a foolish world? Merry Christmas! Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. [*Protestingly.*] Uncle!

UNCLE. Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

NEPHEW. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone then. What good has Christmas ever done you?

NEPHEW. Christmas is a kind time, a forgiving time, a pleasant time. It is a time to think of those who need help. It is a time when people smile and say cheery words. I believe that Christmas *has* done me good and *will* do me good, and I say, "God bless it!"

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. It is a time when you might help Bob Cratchit. He needs help. Tiny Tim, his little lame son, needs help.

SCROOGE. [*Interrupting.*] Why did you come here? Let Bob Cratchit help himself! I am rich, but who made me rich? Did Christmas?

NEPHEW. Don't be angry, uncle! Come! Have dinner with us tomorrow. You must be lonely.

SCROOGE. I never give dinners to anyone, and I never take them with anyone. A foolish custom! If you have nothing better to say, good night!

NEPHEW. [*Going to his uncle and offering him his hand.*] Let us be friends.

SCROOGE. [*Angrily turning away.*] Good night!

NEPHEW. I am sorry to find you so ill-tempered, but I will not quarrel with you. It is Christmas Eve, and Christmas should make us cheerful and happy. So, a Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. [*Still more angrily.*] Good night!

NEPHEW. And a Happy New Year!

SCROOGE. [*Standing up, waving spoon toward the door, and almost shouting.*] GOOD NIGHT!

[Scrooge's Nephew goes out. Scrooge sits by the fire, scraping the bowl and scowling. Suddenly, bells begin to ring gayly. The door opens and the Christmas Fairy, young and beautiful, comes in. A bright star shines on her forehead and she holds a wand of holly.]

CHRISTMAS FAIRY. A Merry Christmas to you!

SCROOGE. [*He looks up suddenly and says in a startled voice.*] Bah! Humbug! You are the third foolish person who has said that to me today! Who are you and what do you want?

FAIRY. In good time you shall learn who I am. I am here because you need me. I have a Christmas gift for you.

SCROOGE. Christmas gift? Humbug! I am rich. I need no gifts. I take nothing and I give nothing.

FAIRY. And so you *have* nothing! You are rich, but what good does your money do? Does it make you happy? Does it make anyone else happy? Do you help anyone with it? Your clerk, Bob Cratchit, is very poor. He works hard for you, but you pay him as little as you can. He needs help. You are rich. Will you help him?

SCROOGE. [*Angrily.*] Bob Cratchit! Bob Cratchit! You are as foolish as my nephew. And Bob Cratchit is foolish, too. He wished me a Merry Christmas today! Merry Christmas, indeed! He hasn't a sixpence to make merry with!

FAIRY. Bob Cratchit has something better than sixpences. He has something that all your money cannot buy. But he needs help. Will you help him? His son, Tiny Tim, is ill and lame. If you help him he can get strong and well. Will you help him?

SCROOGE. I help nobody. Let Bob Cratchit help himself. That is what I do. If he has something better than sixpences, let him use it, I say.

FAIRY. Yes; Bob Cratchit has something better than sixpences. He has a kind and loving heart. But your heart is hard, Ebenezer Scrooge. You have no friends. No one loves you. You help nobody. You never smile. You never say a kind word to anyone. You are cross and scowling and stingy.

SCROOGE. [*Waving his spoon angrily.*] Go away!

FAIRY. Not until I have given you a Christmas gift. Do you know what Christmas gift you need, Ebenezer Scrooge? You need a kind and loving heart. I will help you to get it. I am the Christmas Fairy. This is Christmas Eve, and I will show you what is going to happen in Bob Cratchit's poor little home on Christmas Day. You shall see that kind and loving hearts are better than riches, and that poor Bob Cratchit is happier than you.

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FAIRY. [*Waving wand.*] Look! Ebenezer Scrooge, what do you see?

[The Fairy points with her wand to the farther end of the room. Scrooge scowls and looks unwillingly, then stares in surprise.]

ACT II

Time—CHRISTMAS EVE

Scene—SCROOGE'S SITTING-ROOM

Persons:

SCROOGE	BELINDA
THE FAIRY	PETER
BOB CRATCHIT	FANNY
MRS. CRATCHIT	DICK
MARTHA	TINY TIM

[Scrooge sits by the fire, staring at the other end of the room. The Christmas Fairy stands beside him. As Scrooge stares, he looks first surprised, then sorry, then ashamed. A strange change has come over the other end of the room. It looks like the kitchen of a poor home. There is an open brick fireplace, with a hook from which hangs a kettle. A saucepan is on the hob. A table stands in the middle of the room and some chairs are against the wall. Everything is very poor but very clean. All the people in the room are very poor but very clean. The children's faces shine with much scrubbing; Mrs. Cratchit and Belinda are brave in cheap, bright ribbons. Master Peter Cratchit is wearing a very high collar, his father's; he is very proud of it, but its sharp corners are always in the way. Mrs. Cratchit, with Belinda's help, lays the cloth on the table. Master Peter Cratchit plunges a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, his big collar getting into his mouth as he does so. Fanny and Dick come tearing into the room and dance about the table.]

DICK. Oh, mother! We have been to the baker's shop.

FANNY. We smelled our goose, mother! The baker says it is nearly done. There are a dozen geese roasting in his big oven. Oh, how good they smell!

DICK. And the sage and onions, oh! oh! oh!

[The two children dance up and down.]

FANNY. Oh, Dick, see Peter's new collar! How fine he looks in it!

DICK. It is father's collar. Some day I can have one of father's collars, too. Then I will go to walk in the Park. Doesn't Peter look beautiful!

[They dance around Peter.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Where can your dear father be? And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late as this last Christmas!

[Martha comes in.]

FANNY and DICK. Here's Martha, mother. Oh, Martha, there's such a goose in the baker's oven!

[They dance up and down.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Taking off Martha's bonnet and shawl, and kissing her half a dozen times.*] Why bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA. We had a lot of work to finish in the shop last night. We worked till very late. Then we had to get up very early this morning to clear everything away.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, never mind, so long as you have come. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and get warm.

FANNY and DICK. No, no! Here's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!

[Martha hides behind the door as Bob Cratchit comes in. Three feet of a comforter hangs down before him, and the rest is wound tightly about his neck. His worn clothes are carefully mended and brushed. Tiny Tim, holding a crutch in his hand, is on his father's shoulder.]

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Looking around.*] Why, where's our Martha?

FANNY and DICK. Not coming!

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Surprised and disappointed.*] Not coming? On Christmas Day?

[He puts Tiny Tim down.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. We must not make father sad with our jokes. No, Martha is not coming, because she is already here.

MARTHA. [*Running out.*] Here I am, father! Merry Christmas to you!

BOB CRATCHIT. [*His good-natured face covered with smiles.*] How glad I am to see you, Martha! It does your father good to have all his children with him on Christmas Day.

FANNY and DICK. Come here, Tiny Tim! Hurry, hurry! You can hear the Christmas pudding singing in the kettle.

[They help Tiny Tim over to the fireplace.]

FANNY. Hear it bubble and boil! It's all tied up in a cloth. See it steam!

DICK. It smells like washing day!

FANNY. That's the cloth.

DICK. And it smells like the baker's shop!

FANNY. That's the pudding.

DICK. Oh, but it smells like a fruit shop, too!

FANNY. That's the raisins and the currants.

[Fanny and Dick dance about the fireplace and sniff the pudding. Tiny Tim waves his little crutch.]

TINY TIM. Hurrah! Hurrah!

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Softly.*] How did Tiny Tim behave at church?

BOB CRATCHIT. As good as gold. He sits alone so much that he has strange thoughts. He told me coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple. He said it might be pleasant to them to remember on Christmas Day, who it was that made beggars walk and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Wiping her eyes.*] Oh, if we only had a little more money we could get him medicine and better food. We could send him into the country for better air. Why doesn't Scrooge pay you fairly for your work? Then we could help Tiny Tim and he would get well again.

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Reprovingly.*] My dear! Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. You know it is true, Bob Cratchit, but you are too kind-hearted to say so.

BELINDA. [*Breaking in on them.*] Isn't it time for Peter to get the goose, mother?

FANNY and DICK. May we go, too? Oh, let us go, too!

PETER. Let us take Tiny Tim. I'll carry him on my shoulder. Fanny and Dick can bring home the goose.

FANNY and DICK. Oh, yes! We'll be very careful. Do let Tiny Tim go with us! He can see the goose and smell the sage and onions all the way home.

BELINDA. Here is the platter.

[Bob Cratchit puts Tiny Tim upon Peter's shoulder, and the four children go out together.]

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Going up to Mrs. Cratchit.*] I have found work for Peter, at last. It is hard and the pay is small, but it will help us a little.

MARTHA. Just think of Peter being a man of business!

BOB CRATCHIT. I hope he will not have to work as many hours a day as poor Martha, here. But how happy I am that I have such good children and that they are so willing to work!

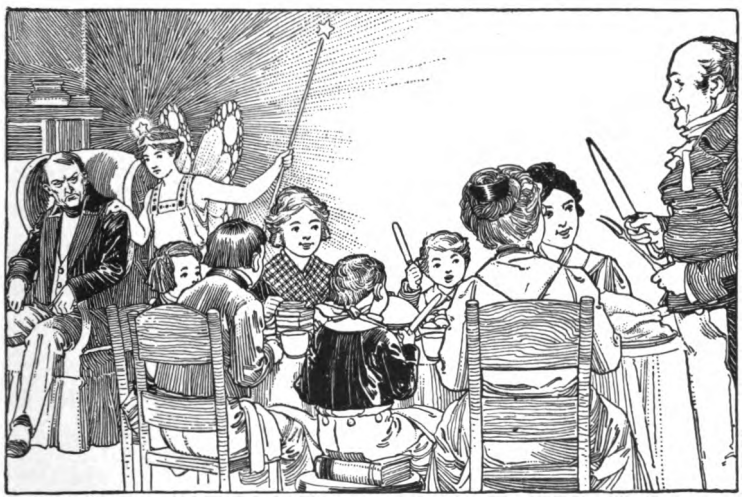
MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Hurrying to the fireplace.*] I must make the gravy. Belinda, will you mash the potatoes and, Martha, you may sweeten the apple-sauce and lay the plates.

[In a few moments, Fanny and Dick bring in the goose on the platter; it is a very small goose, but they carry it proudly. Peter follows, with Tiny Tim on his shoulder. Bob Cratchit lifts Tiny Tim down carefully, while Mrs. Cratchit takes the platter and sets it on the table. They all stand around the table looking at the goose.]

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, oh! What a goose! What a fine, large goose! Was there ever such a goose before?

[Fanny and Dick hurry to set the chairs about the table.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Dinner is ready, children. Sit down, everyone. Peter, lift Tiny Tim into his little chair.



[Bob Cratchit stands up, with carving knife in hand, ready to carve the goose. Tiny Tim and Fanny and Dick beat upon the table with the handles of their knives.]

TINY TIM. [*Waving his arms.*] Hurrah! Hurrah!

BOB CRATCHIT. Before we begin, let us all wish a Merry Christmas to Mr. Scrooge. He gives me work and so I can pay for this good dinner. If it were not for him, we should not have this fat goose steaming here on the table.

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Looking up scornfully.*] Mr. Scrooge, indeed! I wish I had him here! I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

BOB CRATCHIT. My dear! Think of the children! And this is Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. It *should* be Christmas Day indeed! On what other day could we give good wishes to such a stingy, selfish man? [*Shaking her finger gently at her husband.*] You know he is, Bob! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow. Don't you work hard all day for poor pay? Does he ever give you a pleasant word? Look at poor Tiny Tim! If you were paid what you earn we could get help for him. Then he might walk again.

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Shaking his head reprovingly.*] My dear! Just to please me! Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, then! I'll wish him a Merry Christmas for your sake, and for the sake of Christmas. [*She turns to the children as if to suggest that they all join in the wish.*]A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. Scrooge!

ALL. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. Scrooge!

BOB CRATCHIT. A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us.

TINY TIM. God bless us, every one!

Act III

Time—Christmas Eve

Scene—Scrooge's Sitting-room

Persons:

Christmas Fairy Scrooge

[Scrooge stands looking eagerly into the far end of the room; but it is no longer a little kitchen. The noisy, happy Cratchits are no longer there. He turns and looks at the Christmas Fairy, who stands at his side. His face looks sad and softened by what he has seen, and when he speaks, his voice is gentle and kind.]

Scrooge. [*Eagerly.*] Tell me, was it all a dream?

Christmas Fairy. That depends on you, Ebenezer Scrooge.

Scrooge. I have been wrong, I see it! I have been sour, and selfish, and even cruel.

Fairy. [*Smiling with pleasure at the change in Scrooge's manner.*] Did you see anything better than sixpences?

Scrooge. Yes; love is better than sixpences. A kind heart is better than sixpences. It is better than all the riches in the world. Tell me! Will Tiny Tim live?

Fairy. Tell me! Will you take my Christmas gift? Will you change your hard heart for a kind and loving one?

Scrooge. [*Earnestly.*] I will try! I will try!

FAIRY. Then Tiny Tim will live, because you will help him.

SCROOGE. [*Quickly and eagerly.*] I will raise Bob Cratchit's wages! I'll pay him every sixpence he earns! I'll send him the biggest turkey in London for his Christmas dinner. I saw one today. It was twice as big as Tiny Tim. I'll send that one! [*He laughs and waves his spoon joyfully.*] And I'll send Tiny Tim to the country for better air. He shall have fresh milk and cream and eggs! Yes, and Martha shall go with him to take care of him, and to have a rest! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Waves spoon.*] Oh, I have been foolish, but I have learned a lesson. [*He turns to the Fairy.*] Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas to you! [*He waves his bowl and spoon and laughs aloud.*] A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world!

—*Adapted from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol."*

Part III

NATURE

PLANTING THE TREE

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam, and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey.*

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN*

I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown—
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among—

*Copyright 1889, by Roberts Brothers.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed!"

—*Susan Coolidge.*

MAY

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young May.

—*George Macdonald.*

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I am alive in trunk and root;
The buds of next May
I fold away,—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours,
You will see me again,—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone,
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—*Bjornstjerne Bjornson.*

THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN

The red squirrel usually waked me in the dawn, coursing over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this very purpose.

In the course of the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet-corn on to the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the various animals which were baited by it. All day long the red squirrels came and went, and afforded me much entertainment by their maneuvers.

One would approach, at first, warily through the shrub-oaks, running over the snow crust by fits and

starts like a leaf blown by the wind. Now he would go a few paces this way, with wonderful speed, making haste with his "trotters" as if it were for a wager; and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time.

Then suddenly he would pause with a ludicrous expression and a somerset, as if all eyes in the universe were fixed on him. Then, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pitch-pine, winding up his clock and talking to all the universe at the same time.

At length he would reach the corn, and selecting a suitable ear, frisk about in the same uncertain way to the topmost stick of my wood-pile, before my window. Here he would look me in the face, and would sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling, at first, greedily and throwing the half-naked cobs about.

At length he grew more dainty and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel; and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground. Then he would look over at it with a ludicrous expression of uncertainty, as if suspecting that it had life, with a mind not made up whether to get it again, or a new one.

So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon. At last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, and

skillfully balancing it, he would set out with it to the woods. He would go by the same zigzag course and frequent pauses, scratching along with it as if it were too heavy for him.

He seemed determined to put it through at any rate. So he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine-tree forty or fifty rods distant. I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

Though at first shy, the squirrels soon went to work as if taking what was their own. They grew at last to be quite familiar. Occasionally they stepped upon my shoe, when that was the nearest way.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES

Do you all know the little striped chipmunk which lives in our woods? He has a cousin in far off India called the geloori. It is said that the stripes came on the back of the geloori in a wonderful way.

One day the great Indian God, Shiva, saw a little gray chipmunk on the seashore. He was dipping his bushy tail into the sea, and shaking out the water on the shore. Twenty times a minute he dipped it into the ocean.

In wonder, Shiva said, "What are you doing, little foolish gray geloori? Why do you tire yourself with such hard labor?"

The geloori answered, "I cannot stop, great Shiva. The storm blew down the palm tree, where I built my nest. See! the tree has fallen seaward, and my nest lies in the water; my wife and pretty children are in it; I fear that it will float away and that they will be drowned. Therefore all day and all night I must dip the water from the sea. I hope soon to bail it dry. I must save my darlings even if I spoil my tail."

Shiva stooped and with his great hand stroked the little chipmunk. On the geloori's soft fur from his nose to the end of his tail, there came four green stripes! They were the marks of Shiva's fingers, placed there as signs of love.

Shiva raised his hand, and the water rolled back from the shore. Safe on dry land, among the rocks and seaweeds, the palm tree lay.

The little chipmunk hastened to it; his tail was now high in the air. He found his wife and children dry and safe in their house of woven grass-blades. As they sang their welcomes to him, the geloori noticed with delight that each smooth little back was striped with the marks of Shiva's fingers.

This sign of love is still to be seen upon the backs of chipmunks. That is the reason why, in India, good men never kill them.

—*Flora J. Cooke.*

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! Come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

THE SINGING LESSON

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"O Nightingale," cooed a dove—
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
  You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
  The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
  She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
  If you'll try to find it out.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

HUMILITY

The bird that soars on highest wing
  Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
  Sings in the shade when all things rest.
  In lark and nightingale we see
  What honor hath humility.

—*James Montgomery.*

BOB WHITE

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracy morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked is the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

—*George Cooper.*

BEES AND FLOWERS

Fancy yourself to be in a pretty country garden on a hot summer morning. You notice a gentle buzzing, and you see that on the flower-bed close by, several bees are working busily among the flowers.

That great bumblebee takes it leisurely enough as she goes lumbering along, poking her head into the larkspurs, and remaining so long in each you might think she had fallen asleep.

The brown hive bee, on the other hand, moves busily among the sweet peas and mignonette. She means to get all she can from each flower, so as to carry a good load back to the hive.

In some blossoms she does not stay a moment, but draws her head back directly as if to say, "No honey there." But over the full blossoms she lingers a little, then scrambles out with her drop of honey, and goes off to seek more in the next flower.

Let us watch her a little more closely. There are plenty of different plants growing in the flower-bed, but she does not go first to one kind and then to another; but keeps to one, perhaps the mignonette, the whole time till she flies away.

Follow her, and you will see that she takes her way to the hive. She may stop to visit a stray plant of mignonette on her way, but no other flower will tempt her till she has taken her load home.

We all know why she makes so many trips between the garden and the hive, and that she is collecting drops of honey from each flower, and carrying it to be stored up in the honey-comb for winter's food. We will follow her in her work among the flowers, and see, while they are so useful to her, what she is doing for them in return.

We know that plants can make stronger and better seeds when they can get pollen-dust from another plant, than when they are obliged to use that which grows in the same flower. But you will be surprised to hear that the more we study flowers, the more we find that their colors and their scent are all so many baits and traps set by Nature to entice insects to come to the flowers, and carry this pollen-dust from one to the other.

So far as we know, it is entirely for this purpose that the plants form honey in different parts of the flower. This food they prepare for the insects, and then they have all sorts of contrivances to entice them to come and fetch it. Wherever you see bright flowers you may be quite sure that the plants want the bees or some other winged insect to come and carry their pollen for them.

Sir John Lubbock has shown that bees are not only attracted by bright colors, but that they even know one color from another. He put some honey on slips of glass with colored papers under them, and when the bees had learned to find the honey always on the

blue glass, he washed this clean, and put the honey on the red glass instead.

Now if the bees had followed only the smell of the honey they would have flown to the red glass, but they did not do this. They went first to the blue glass, expecting to find the honey on the usual color, and it was only when they were disappointed that they went off to the red glass.

Is it not beautiful to think that the bright, pleasant colors we love so much in flowers, are not only ornamental, but that they are useful and doing their part in keeping up healthy life in our world?

Neither must we forget what sweet scents can do. Have you ever noticed the delicious smell which comes from beds of mignonette, or mint? These plants have found another way of attracting the insects; they have no need of bright colors, for their scent is quite as true a guide.

But just as some people have everything to attract others—beauty, gentleness, and kindliness, so some flowers, like the beautiful lily and the lovely rose, have color and scent and graceful shapes all combined.

Some flowers close when the rain is coming. Look at the daisies when a storm is coming on; as the sky grows dark and heavy, you will see them shrink up and close till the sun shines again. They do this because in each of the little yellow florets in the center of the flower there is a drop of honey that would be quite spoiled if it were washed by the rain.

So we are learning that everything which a plant does has its meaning, if we can only find it out. When we are once aware of this a flower-garden may become quite a new world to us.

Even among insects and flowers, those who do most for others, receive most in return. The flower feeds the bee, and the bee helps the flower to make its healthy seed.

—*Arabella B. Buckley.*

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee buzz'd up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

A SECRET

I have a secret to tell you,—
Though you may not believe it is true,—
But a fairy whispered it to me,
And I will tell it to you.

When May wakes the grass and the flowers,
And the birds build their nests and sing,
When the breeze blows soft, and the air is sweet
With the fresh, warm breath of spring;

The blossoms, down in the meadow,
In the garden, the woods, and the hills,
Are singing, too, with their playmates,
The birds, and the breezes and rills.

And I'll tell you what they are singing,
For I've heard them over and over,
When I've fallen asleep in the hay-fields
'Mid the buttercups, daisies, and clover.

The Daisy nods, "Be cheerful;"
"Have courage," Anemone sings,
"From the cold and the snow of winter
The beauty of summer springs."

"Be patient," the Violet whispers;
The Lily breathes, "Be pure;"
"Be merry," cries Dandelion,
" 'Tis the very best thing, I'm sure."

The Rose, sweet, winsome teacher,
Says softly, "Be true, be true;"
The Buttercup laughs, "Be happy;"
Says Clover, "Be useful, too!"

"Come gather the riches of thought,"
The Pansies beckon and call;
"Remember," Forget-me-not murmurs,
"Remember us each and all."

And I think if you listen closely
In the sweet glad days of spring,
With the song of the brook, the breeze, and the birds,
You can hear the flowers sing.

—*Helen Isabel Moorhouse.*

THE FLAX

THE PLANT IS MADE INTO LINEN

The flax was in full bloom. Its pretty blue blossoms were as soft as the wings of a moth. The sun shone on it, the rain watered it, and it grew prettier every day.

"People say that I am doing well and growing tall," said the flax. "A splendid piece of linen will be made from me. Oh, how happy I am! How can any one be happier? Everything around me is so pleasant, and I shall be of some use in the world. How the sun cheers one up, and how fresh and sweet the rain tastes. I am the happiest plant in the world."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the stakes in the hedge. "That is all very well; but you don't know the world as we do." Then they creaked mournfully:

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Bassilurre,
The song is done!"

"No, it is not done," replied the flax; "the sun shines every morning. The rain does me so much good that I can see myself grow. I can feel that I am in blossom, and I am to be of some use in the world. Who is so happy as I?"

However, one day people came and took hold of the flax. They pulled it up, root and all, which was

very unpleasant. Then it was thrown into the water, as if they meant to drown it; after that, it was put before the fire, as if they meant to roast it. This seemed very cruel.

"One cannot always have pleasant times," sighed the flax. "It is well to suffer sometimes; one learns to know what life is."

But things got worse and worse. The flax was bruised and broken, hacked and hackled. At last it was put on the wheel. "Snurre-rur, snurre-rur!" went the wheel. The flax was so dizzy it could hardly think.

"This is not pleasant," sighed the flax; "but I have had happy times in the past. I must think of them, and be thankful for them." The flax said the same thing when it was taken to the loom.

There it was made into a large, fine piece of linen. All the flax was made into a single piece. "This is charming," it said. "I did not expect such good fortune. What nonsense the stakes used to talk when they said:

'Snip, snap snurre,
Bassilurre,
The song is done!'

"The song is not done, at all. It is just beginning. Life is so pleasant, after all; I had to suffer, to be sure, but that is all past now, and I have been made into something. I am so strong, and yet so white and fine.

"This is far better than being a plant. Now I am well cared for; the maid turns me over every morning; I have a splendid shower bath every evening; every one says I am the finest piece of linen in the whole town. No one can be happier than I am now."

The linen was taken into the house and cut up with scissors. Oh, how it was cut and clipped! How it was pierced with needles! That was surely no pleasure at all. At last it was made up into garments; there were just twelve of them. "Now I shall be of use in the world," it said. "How pleasant it is to be useful! There is no other pleasure like it."

THE LINEN IS MADE INTO PAPER

Years passed away, and at last the garments were worn and old; they could not hold together. "I should like to last a little longer," said each piece. "But all things must come to an end, and we must not wish for what we cannot have."

So the garments were torn into pieces and shreds. They thought that all was over at last, for they were hacked, and bruised, and boiled.

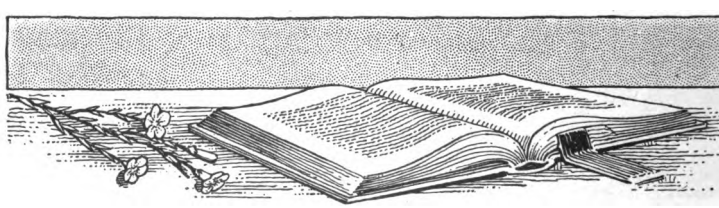
Other things happened; they never could tell all that was done to them. At last they became beautiful white paper. "What a surprise this is!" said the paper. "What a splendid surprise! Now I am finer than ever, and I shall be written upon. I wonder what will be written upon me!"

The paper was written upon. The most charming stories in the world were written upon it. Then it was sent to the printer, and all that was written upon it was printed in a book—in hundreds of books. They were sent all over the world. Hundreds—yes, thousands—of people read the stories. What pleasure they got from them! They laughed at them, and cried over them, and were made better by them.

"This is more than I ever dreamed of when I was a wee, little blue flower in the field," said the paper. "How could I know that I would be of so much use in the world? People all over the world have more pleasure because of me; and they are wiser and better.

"Once I had beautiful blue blossoms. Now for every beautiful blossom, I have a beautiful thought. And even now my song is not done; it has just begun. Who is so happy as I?"

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*



THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper within me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you're such
a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

—*William B. Rands.*

THE BROOK-SONG*

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And the dragonfly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

*From Rhymes of Childhood, copyright 1900, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And sing—how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE RIVULET

Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one:
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

RAINING

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—*Robert Loveman.*

A WONDERFUL WEAVER

There's a wonderful weaver
  High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
  For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
  The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
  In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces,
  He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
  A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
  On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
  To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
  Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
  That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
  On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
  It all, just for fun."

—*George Cooper.*

MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB

IN THE DEN

It was March, and the air was chill; snow still whitened the earth. Mishook, the brown bear cub, and his little sister were so tiny that you could almost have put them both together into a hat.

The cubs had thick, dark-brown coats, and each had a ring of white fur around its neck, which looked like a necklace. They had narrow, blunt muzzles and small round ears, and their tails were so short that they could hardly be seen. Claws as sharp as needles peeped out from their toes.

Mishook's first home was the den that Mother Bruin had made for the winter which had just ended. In a hidden ravine at the foot of the mountain, the old bear had dug a hole about twenty feet long, into which she dragged moss, dead leaves, and grass. When she had made these into a soft warm bed, she piled up a heap of brushwood in front of the hole,—and the den was finished.

As soon as heavy frosts came, the mother closed the entrance with the brushwood. Then she and her cubs slept through the long, cold winter.

The den was in a Siberian forest,—a black, dense, untrodden forest, hundreds of miles long and wide. No wonder this dark home pleased the bruin family. Here they found everything that a bear likes; moun-

tains and ravines; plenty of mushrooms and berries; and streams full of fish.

Mishook's mother always kept her children with her for two years. After that time they were free; they were strong enough then to care for themselves and to live alone. Mishook and his little sister had an elder brother and sister who were not yet quite old enough to be sent out into the world.

Mother Bruin loved her cubs fondly, but with so many to look after, her life was full of care. The winter had been long and her older children had grown very hungry. Poor little bears! For all these months they had been shut up in a den without eating, until now they were nothing but skin and bone.

During this time the life of the bruins had been very quiet and uninteresting. The four cubs had nothing to do all day long but to stay in bed and sleep. Even the old mother slept all the time except when she went out now and then to look for water.

Still, winter could not stay forever; spring had come at last, and now it was March. The air was warmer; the snow was gone; birds began to sing gayly; and patches of grass could be seen, though still very far apart.

Now the mother began to go for walks more often. Whenever she went out, she always left the little ones in the care of the older children. Then Mishook would tease his big brother, for he was growing to be a very mischievous cub. The older cub bore it for a long

time, but one day he lost his patience and gave Mishook such a slap on the head that he uttered a piercing cry. That cry brought the mother into the cave; she flew at her elder son, and boxed his ears soundly. "You are no longer a young cub like Mishook," she said. "Have patience with the little ones."

THE FIRST WALK

Mishook and his little sister grew bigger every day. At last they had grown so strong that their mother thought it was time to take them out for a walk. So, at daybreak one fine morning, she ordered them to follow her. In front walked the old bear; behind her came Mishook and his young sister; last of all came the elder cubs.

Mother Bruin showed her children how to find food; she squeezed some beetles in her paws and ate them; and she caught a butterfly which was circling around her and gave it to Mishook. How happy the young cubs were as they frisked about!

The elder cubs soon found some bushes covered with raspberries. Mishook tasted the juicy fruit and smacked his lips; it was so delicious! Then the bears saw some young pine-trees on the other side of a swamp, and the mother went to feast upon the tender, pale-green shoots.

Meanwhile the elder cubs forgot their young brother and sister, and wandered away looking for more berries. When the little ones found that they

were alone, they started across the swamp to join their mother. At that moment the old bear looked up and saw them.

With an angry cry, she brought her older son to her side and gave him a heavy blow on the head. He knew very well why he was being punished, and although the cuff confused him, he turned quickly and carried Mishook back across the swamp.

Then he returned to get his little sister and started back with her, while Mother Bruin watched every move he made. Unfortunately for him, just before he reached the edge of the swamp, he let his sister fall into the water. Then his mother became so angry that she gave him a heavier blow than before.

As they continued their walk, the young bears enjoyed eating the pine-shoots that Mother Bruin gave them. After a time she lay down to rest, while the older cubs slowly walked around looking for something to eat. "Well, my dears," asked the old bear, when the little ones had seated themselves beside her, "is it not nice to go for a walk?"

"Oh mother dear, so nice, so very nice, that we never want to go back to the den any more," answered Mishook and his sister.

"You have not seen everything yet, my children; wait, and you will find many other wonderful things," said the wise old bear.

But Mishook did not hear her last words, for he had just caught sight of something which made him

open his mouth in wonder. Two strange monsters were looking down at him from a tree near by.

"O Mother!" he cried in a frightened voice, "what are those ugly creatures up there in that tree?"

"What are you talking about, Mishook? What ugly creatures do you mean?" scolded his mother. "You must be very shortsighted not to know your own brother and sister! Ah! the naughty children! Just look how high they have climbed!"

"Mother, do let us climb up to them!" cried the younger cubs, eagerly.

"Climb, if you like," said the old bear.

The cubs bounded toward the tree. From the very first they found it easy to climb, for their sharp claws helped them to hold on to the bark. They went up easily; but getting down again was a harder matter.

Their mother was much pleased as she watched Mishook and his little sister coming down the tree backwards with great care. In their fear of falling, they cast frightened glances below them and clung to the branches.

After this the happy bears went on with their pleasant walk. All at once a breeze came up, bringing the smell of something sweet to Mishook. What could it be? He did not know; but his mother did,—it was the smell of honey.

Then the whole bruin family set off in search of the honey. They trotted along for about half a mile before they reached an old hollow tree which was the home of the bees.

When the poor bees saw the robbers they defended their store of honey by fiercely stinging the bears. But this did not trouble the mother and the elder cubs. Their thick fur protected them and they went on eating the stolen sweets.

Mishook enjoyed the honey, too, until one angry bee stung his tender nose. Then the little cub growled furiously, shook his head, jumped, snorted, and spun round and round like a top. At last he beat off the bee with his paws. But even then, the pain of the sting did not keep Mishook from getting his share of the honey.

By this time the sun had risen high in the heavens; the heat almost smothered the fur-clad bruin family, and they hurried back to the cool, shady den.

GETTING READY FOR THE WINTER

As the summer passed, the cubs grew bigger and stronger every day. They did nothing but eat, and yet the fishes, beetles, nuts, and berries, were not enough to satisfy their hunger.

Mother Bruin saw that her children were always hungry. "How thin you are!" she cried. "You will never be able to sleep through a whole winter with no more fat than you have now, my children. You must eat meat, so that you will gain enough fat to carry you through the long winter, when you can no longer find food of any kind."

So she went toward the village until she came to a large pasture. There she killed a fine black horse which she dragged into the forest. Then she and her cubs ate the body at one meal; only the bare bones were left for the ravens. After this feast they crept into the darkest depths of the woods and lay down together for a quiet sleep.

Soon the whole village learned that a bear had killed a horse. "Let us go into the forest and slay the beast!" said a villager.

"Don't be in a hurry about it; wait a few months," said an old hunter. "The bear has not yet changed its coat, or even if it has, the new fur is too short at this season, to be worth much. There won't be much fat, either. If we kill the beast now we shall not get much for it. Let us wait until the bear is settled in its den for the winter."

From this time on, each day brought a new trouble to the village. Oats were trampled; hives were robbed; one farmer lost a cow, another a horse. At last nothing was talked of in the village but the bear and its terrible deeds.

In the meantime the bruin family had become so fat that they could hardly drag the weight of their bodies. As for Mishook, he was as round as a log.

At last autumn came, and the mother-bear made a new den, much larger than the old one. The whole family slept in it through the bright days of early October. Once in a while the mother went out to hunt for a cow or a horse. Then she would say to her children, "Don't go too far away, my dears; the snow may fall at any moment and it is not good to leave tracks in the snow."

Soon the north wind began to moan through the forest, rain fell often, and the mornings became colder. The birds had long since flown away to a warmer country. The bare woods lay silent and deserted.

By this time the bruin family had grown very sleepy. Mother Bruin would not let her cubs eat much, but she told them to drink all the water they wanted.

One day in the middle of October, she said to them: "It is time to take a rest, children. We are not going out again until the spring floods come. Mishook and his little sister must lie down in the back of the den, and the elder cubs in front of them. I will stretch myself here near the opening."

The mother then closed the entrance, and the happy family fell asleep. The den was warm inside, for it was soon covered deep with snow. The only sign of the cave was the place where the warm breath of the bears had made a stain on the white snow.

THE BEAR HUNT

Early one November morning four hunters walked out of the village and entered the forest. They carried guns, stakes, sharp knives, ropes, and snow-shoes; and their dogs ran before them.

"Are you sure that you were not mistaken, Thomas?" one of the men asked the leader. "Do you think it really was the den that you saw?"

"Mistaken!" answered Thomas. "Just as if it were the first time I had ever looked for a bear's den."

"Did you notice any bear-tracks?" asked another.

"How could I see bear-tracks, when there were none to see? The bear went in before the snow fell; so it could not leave any tracks. There were a great many tracks of other animals, but not a sign of the bear. I went through the forest on my snow-shoes until I came to a ravine. All around for five or six hundred feet, there was not a footprint to be seen.

" 'Oho!' I said to myself. 'Since no animals come near here, it must be that there is a bear's den close by.' I began to look in every direction, and soon I saw a stain upon the snow. Then I knew that at last I had found the entrance to the bear's cave."

As the hunters went on, the path grew fainter and fainter. After a while they stopped and put on their snow-shoes. Then they hurried on through the gloomy forest until they reached the ravine.

"I see the den, now," whispered Thomas, pointing to a spot about a hundred feet away. There was no doubt about it, for the stain upon the snow could be plainly seen. The dogs ran forward and barked furiously and an angry growl came from the den.

Then a bold hunter crept up to the opening, thrust in his spear, and leaped quickly to one side. Out sprang a great brown bear. Shaking off the snow which fell upon her, she rushed at the dogs, but at that very moment the report of a gun was heard, and the old bear fell dead.

MISHOOK'S NEW HOME

The four cubs were made prisoners and carried to the village, where they were sold. Mishook's little sister and the older cubs were taken to live in the Zoölogical Gardens of a large city. There they became great favorites with all the children.

Mishook was sold to a young army officer who was very fond of all kinds of animals, and a servant led the poor, frightened cub to his new home. Here he was so kindly treated that day by day he grew more accustomed to life in captivity. His master gave him a warm, comfortable den and often took the young bear out for a walk.

Mishook was given the best of food. For breakfast and dinner he had large bowls full of scraps, and for supper he had a dish of juicy carrots. Every day after his meals he was allowed to come into the dining room. Here his master would give him lumps of sugar or a slice of bread soaked in honey.

Mishook grew to love his owner, and the servant, also. The cub followed them like a dog, and soon learned to do a great many tricks, by imitating everything he saw. He found out how to open the doors; he learned how to turn the windlass at the well; and he carried armfuls, or rather pawfuls, of wood for the fires.

Day by day Mishook grew happier in his camp life, making friends with everyone. But as he grew older and stronger he became very mischievous. He stole bread from the baker, and honey from the hives near by. One day he killed two dogs who followed him, and at last he bit the hand of a soldier who was pretending to carry off his master's pillow.

Then the owner said that Mishook must be killed. When the servant heard this, he rushed to the young officer's quarters crying, "Do not kill Mishook! He does not mean to do harm. I am the cause of all his mischief, for I should look after him better. Do not kill him, I beg of you!"

The officer looked kindly at his servant and said, "I will not kill him, then. Take him back to the forest and set him free."

IN THE FOREST AGAIN

Thus it came about that the servant drove away with Mishook until at last they reached the dense forest. The cub sniffed eagerly at the damp, cool air. He did not know that this was the very forest in which he had been born, but he felt that it was good to be there.

For some time he stood balancing himself, first on one paw, then on another. By and by he moved forward slowly toward a still, dark pool, and began to lap the refreshing water. Then he went to a tall pine-tree and scratched at the bark with his claws. Suddenly he set up a strange roaring and dashed straight into the heart of the forest. The last thing the servant heard was the crackling of the pine-branches as Mishook disappeared.

In the forest Mishook soon felt at home. The air was so cool and damp; there were so many trees and so many streams. He went on and on, deeper and deeper into the woods, stopping now and then when he found something good to eat.

Thus it was that Mishook began to lead again a wild, free life, as his father and mother had done before him. After this he never saw a human being. With the other animals of the great forest, he lived many years in this wild region that had been the home of his forefathers.

—*From the Russian of Slibitski.*

THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT

Scene: A Cottage with Its Grounds

Boys:		*Girls:*	
January	August	February	June
March	October	April	September
July	December	May	November

[A room in a large comfortable cottage; a fire burning on the hearth; a table on which the breakfast things have been left standing. January seated by the fire.]

Cold the day and cold the drifted snow,
Dim the day until the cold dark night.

[He stirs the fire.]

Crackle, sparkle, fagot; embers glow:
Some one may be plodding through the snow
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.

[He goes to the window to see if any robins are on the snow outside.]

If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:
Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and fetch your crumb,
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come.

[A knock is heard at the door. January opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.]

Good-morrow, sister.

Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew
And for the pale sun's sake.

[She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who goes out. As February stands arranging the remaining snowdrops in a glass of water on the window-sill, she sees a lamb through the window.]

The lambkin tottering in its walk
With just a fleece to wear;
The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
So slender,—
Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
Braving the cold for our delight,
Both white,
Both tender.

[Suddenly there is a rattling of doors and windows.]

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway!
Here's brother March comes whirling on his way
With winds that eddy and sing:—

[She turns the handle of the door, which bursts open, and discloses March hastening up, both hands full of violets and anemones.]

Come, show me what you bring;
For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,
And must away.

[Stopping short on the threshold.]

I blow an arouse
Through the world's wide house:

I wrestle and frown,
And topple down;
I wrench, I rend, I uproot;
Yet the violet
Is born where I set
The sole of my flying foot.

[Hands violets and anemones to February, who retires into the background.]

And in my wake
Frail wind-flowers quake,
And the catkins promise fruit.

I drive ocean ashore
With rush and roar,
And he cannot say me nay:
My harpstrings all
Are the forests tall,
Making music when I play.

[Before March has done speaking, a voice is heard approaching accompanied by a twittering of birds. April comes along singing, and stands outside and out of sight while she finishes her song to the sparrows, which follows.]

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
Light upon the wing;
Though you cannot sing
You can chirp of Spring:
Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.

[Entering the open door.]

Good-morrow and good-bye: if others fly,
Of all the flying months you're the most flying.

MARCH

You're hope and sweetness, April.

APRIL

[April shows March her apron full of flowers. March then goes out, and April, looking through the door, sees some hungry nestlings.]

What beaks you have, you funny things,
What voices shrill and weak;
Who'd think that anything that sings
Could sing through such a beak?
Yet you'll be nightingales one day,
And charm the country side,
When I'm away and far away
And May is queen and bride.

[May arrives unseen by April, and startles her with a kiss.]

Ah May, good-morrow, May, and so good-bye.

I've gathered flowers all as I came along,
At every step a flower
Fed by your last bright shower,—

[She gives an armful of all sorts of flowers to April, who goes out.]

And gathering flowers I listened to the song
Of every bird in bower.

The world and I are far too full of bliss
To think or plan or toil or care;
The sun is waxing strong,
The days are waxing long,
And all that is
Is fair.

Here are my buds of lily and of rose,
And here's my namesake, blossom may;
And from a watery spot
See here forget-me-not,
With all that blows
Today.

Hark to my linnets from the hedges green,
Blackbird and lark and thrush and dove,
And every nightingale
And cuckoo tells its tale,
And all they mean
Is love.

[June appears at the further end of the garden, coming slowly toward May, who, seeing her, exclaims]

Surely you're come too early, sister June.

JUNE

Indeed I feel as if I came too soon
To round your young May moon
And set the world a-gasping at my noon.
Yet come I must. So here are strawberries
Sun-flushed and sweet, as many as you please;
And here are full-blown roses by the score,
More roses, and yet more.

[May, eating strawberries, withdraws among the flower beds.]

The sun does all my long day's work for me,
Raises and ripens everything;
I need but sit beneath a leafy tree
And watch and sing.

[June seats herself in the shade of a tree.]

Or if I'm lulled by note of bird and bee,
Or lulled by noontide's silence deep,
I need but nestle down beneath my tree
And drop asleep.

[June falls asleep. She is not awakened by the voice of July, who behind the scenes is heard half singing, half calling.]

[Behind the scenes.]

Blue flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled,
Which will you take? yellow, blue, speckled!
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow.

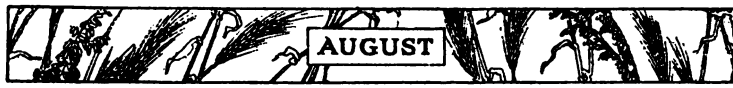
[Enter July, a basket of many-colored irises upon his shoulders, a bunch of ripe grass in one hand, and a plate of peaches in the other. He steals up to June, and tickles her with the grass She wakes, and he holds out to her the plate of fruit.]

I've brought you one curved pyramid of bloom,
Not flowers but peaches. . .
But get you in, a storm is at my heels;
The whirlwind whistles and wheels,
Lightning flashes and thunder peals,
Flying and following hard upon my heels.

[June takes shelter in a thickly-woven arbor. Enter August, carrying a sheaf made up of different kinds of grain.]

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm
And scatheless from my storm.
Your hands are full of corn, I see,
As full as hands can be:
And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm
In their recovered calm,
And that they owe to me.

[July retires into a shrubbery.]



Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,
Barley bows a graceful head,
Short and small shoots up canary,
Each of these is some one's bread;

Bread for man or bread for beast,
Or at very least
A bird's savory feast.

Men are brethren of each other,
One in flesh and one in food;
And a sort of foster-brother
Is the litter or the brood
Of that folk in fur or feather
Who, with men together,
Breast the wind and weather.

[August sees September toiling across the lawn.]

My harvest home is ended; and I spy
September drawing nigh
With the first thought of Autumn in her eye,
And the first sigh
Of Autumn wind among her locks that fly.

[September arrives, carrying upon her head a basket heaped high with fruit.]

Unload me, brother, I have brought a few
Plums and these pears for you,
A dozen kinds of apples, one or two
Melons, some figs all bursting through
Their skins, and pearled with dew
These damsons violet-blue.

[While September is speaking, August lifts the basket to the ground, selects various fruits, and withdraws slowly along the walk, eating a pear as he goes.]

My song is half a sigh
Because my green leaves die;
Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are dying;
And well may Autumn sigh,
And well may I
Who watch the sere leaves flying.

My leaves that fade and fall,
I note you one and all;
I call you, and the Autumn wind is calling,
Lamenting for your fall,
And for the pall
You spread on earth in falling.

[October enters briskly, a dahlia in his buttonhole. He carries leafy twigs full of nuts and a hop-vine trails after him.]

Nay, cheer up sister. Life is not quite over,
Even if the year has done with corn and clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact it's true,
Some leaves remain and some flowers too
For me and you.
Now see my crops:

[Offering his produce to September.]

I've brought you nuts and hops;
And when the leaf drops, why, the walnut drops.

[October wreathes the hop-vine about September's neck, and gives her the nut twigs. They enter the cottage together, but without shutting the door. She steps into the background: he advances to the hearth, removes the screen; stirs up the smoldering fire, and arranges several chestnuts ready to roast.]

Crack your first nut and light your first fire
Roast your first chestnut crisp on the bar;
Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze higher,
Logs are cheery as sun or as star,
Logs we can find wherever we are.

[Sees November approaching.]

Here comes my youngest sister, looking dim
And grim,
With dismal ways.
What cheer, November?

[November enters and shuts the door.]

Nought have I to bring,
Tramping a-chill and shivering,
Except these pine-cones for a blaze,—
Except a fog which follows,
And stuffs up all the hollows,—
Except a hoar frost here and there.

[October, shrugging his shoulders, goes to the background; November throws pine-cones on the fire, and sits down listlessly.]

The earth lies fast asleep, grown tired
Of all that's high or deep;
There's nought desired and nought required
Save a sleep.
I rock the cradle of the earth,
I lull her with a sigh;
And know that she will wake to mirth
By and by.

[Through the window December is seen running and leaping toward the door. He knocks, and November calls out without rising.]

Ah, here's my youngest brother come at last:

[December opens the door and enters, loaded with evergreens.]

Come in, December. Come, and shut the door,
For now it's snowing fast;
It snows, and will snow more and more;
Don't let it drift in on the floor.
But you, you're all aglow; how can you be
Rosy and warm and smiling in the cold?

Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.

[He begins making a wreath of holly.]

Dimmest and brightest month am I;
My short days end, my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

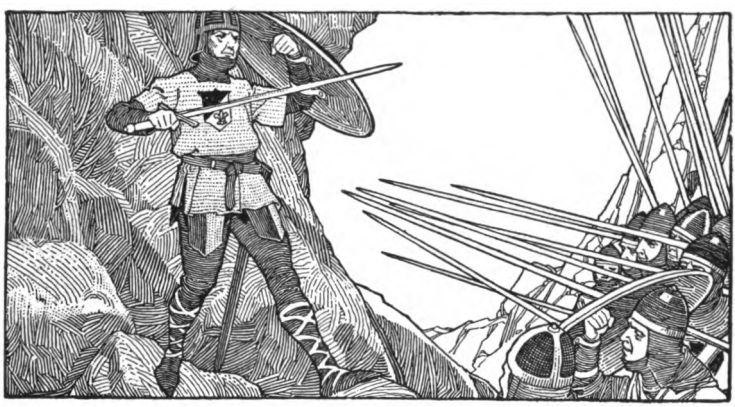
[While December is speaking all the other Months troop in from the garden, or advance out of the background. The Twelve join hands in a circle, and begin dancing round to a stately measure as the curtain falls.]

—*Christina G. Rossetti—Abridged.*

Part IV

FAMOUS WORLD HEROES

(Beowulf—Sigurd—Roland)



INTRODUCTION

Every country has its own great heroes. The stories of their brave deeds are written in books to help other men to be brave and true, like them. In the United States, we think of George Washington as our great hero.

Long ago, when there were no books or newspapers, tales of heroic deeds were told or sung around the fireside and in the king's palace. In this way mighty warriors became known to all the people.

Story-tellers, called minstrels, went about in those days, telling tales of their country's heroes. They learned these tales from older minstrels, but in telling them again, they made the deeds seem even more wonderful than they really were.

Thus, as the stories were told again and again, they grew in wonder, so that today we know that the adventures could not have happened just as they have come down to us. Still, these heroes must have been great men, and some of them have become famous all over the world. Among the greatest of these world-heroes are Beowulf, Sigurd, and Roland.

BEOWULF

The story of Beowulf is told in the oldest poem of the English language. In Denmark and Sweden, hundreds of years before this poem was written, his brave deeds were praised by fathers to their children.

SIGURD

In Northern Europe a hero named Sigurd was so dear to the people that many countries claimed him as their own. In Germany he is called Siegfried, but he is the same brave warrior whom the more northern lands called Sigurd.

ROLAND

The hero who was the greatest favorite among the French people in olden times was Roland. A great general once ordered the Song of Roland to be sung at the head of his army, in the hope that the soldiers, hearing of his deeds, would try to be as brave as he.

BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE

KING HROTHGAR'S HALL

Many, many years ago, a king named Hrothgar ruled over the Danes. This king was a very brave man and when he went to battle against his enemies he was always victorious. He was ever thinking what he could do to make his people happy, and they all loved him greatly.

King Hrothgar decided to build a great palace or hall, larger and more beautiful than had ever been seen before. So he called his workmen and said: "Build me a hall, great and wide, and adorn it with gold and ivory and carved work. It shall be a hall of joy and feasting, and when it is built I will call all my brave warriors into it and give them rich presents."

So the hall was built and the king made a great feast for his warriors, and to each of them he gave rings of gold, because they had served him so faithfully. Then he told them that they must come to this beautiful building every evening and tell stories, and sing, and feast together.

This pleased the men very greatly and they thought that no other land in all the world had a king who did so much for his people. So every night the great fires roared on the hearth and the warriors sat at the long tables and feasted, while the minstrel played upon the harp and sang to them.

Far out on the waste lands which lay on one side of the hall lived a wicked giant named Grendel. This giant hated light and could not bear to think that anyone was happy. Every night as he saw the bright light shine out from the hall and heard the laughter and shouting, it made him angry to think that the men gathered there were happy.

At last he hated them so much that he could bear it no longer. In the darkness of night he crept into the hall and killed thirty warriors.

Then there was great sorrow among the Danes, and the king wept for his men until his eyes were dim. That night there was no song or laughter to be heard. When at last the men lay sleeping, Grendel came again and killed still more of the brave warriors.

After this the Danes would not stay in the palace at night. There was no more singing or telling of stories. No one dared to fight a giant who was so powerful that he could snap the strongest iron bars in two and break down the thickest doors. From this time on, the beautiful hall in which the Danes had been so happy stood empty night after night.

When Grendel found that the warriors would not enter the palace at night, he lay waiting in dark places and seized them as they passed. So for twelve years the Danes suffered from their terrible enemy. During all this time, no sounds of laughter or song came from the great hall. It was silent and dark, for Grendel was the only one who walked there.

THE COMING OF BEOWULF

As the years passed and no man was found who was strong enough to fight with Grendel, the minstrels made sad songs about good King Hrothgar and the wicked giant. They went from one country to another, singing these songs.

So it happened that far away in the land of the Goths, the brave prince Beowulf heard the sad story, and his heart was filled with pity for the Danes and anger against the cruel Grendel. "I will go across the sea and slay this monster," he said. "I will save King Hrothgar and his people."

Taking with him fifteen brave warriors, Beowulf set sail for the land of the Danes. For two days they sailed, and then they anchored their boat at a place where steep cliffs rose out of the sea.

On the heights above them they saw a sentinel, whose duty it was to guard that shore day and night. When Beowulf and his comrades, carrying their swords and shields, leaped from the boat, this guard came toward them.

Waving his spear the sentinel cried, "What men are ye who come to this shore, armed with swords and shields? I must know or ye cannot pass, for ye may be enemies of our king."

Beowulf answered, "We are Goths, and we come as friends to this land. We have heard that there is a terrible enemy among the Danes, and I have come to help the noble King Hrothgar."

"If ye have come to help us, ye are indeed welcome," said the guard. "Follow me and I will lead thee to the king."

Beowulf and his companions climbed up the rocky path and followed their guide until in the distance they could see a great palace. Then the guard stopped. "There is the great hall," he said, "and there ye will find the king. I will go back to the sea to keep watch, for now ye cannot miss the way."

So the Goths marched forward until they came to the palace. Then, because they were weary, they sat down at the door. As they sat there, a servant came out and asked from what country they had come. Beowulf answered, "My name is Beowulf, and I come from the land of the Goths. I will tell my story to King Hrothgar himself, if he will listen to me."

"I will ask the king and quickly bring thee word," said the servant, bowing low.

Now King Hrothgar was old and gray-haired, and as he sat in his beautiful palace; his heart was sad. He thought of all his brave men who had been killed by Grendel, and he wondered if he would ever find a man strong enough to rid the land of this wicked giant.

As he thought of these things, the servant came and knelt before him. "My lord," he said, "strange men have come from far beyond the sea and they wish to speak with thee. Their leader is called Beowulf and he seems a mighty prince. I pray thee, refuse them not."

At these words the king started up. "God hath sent us a warrior who will slay the wicked Grendel," he cried. "I knew Beowulf when he was a boy, and now men say he hath the strength of thirty men. Bid the warriors enter and say to them that they are welcome to the land of the Danes."

The servant did as he had been commanded, and soon Beowulf with his companions stood before Hrothgar. After greeting the king, Beowulf told why they had come to his land.

"I heard in my own country of the terrible monster, Grendel, who hath made thy beautiful hall a place of sorrow when the light of day is gone. I heard that the monster cannot be hurt by weapons, and so I have come to fight Grendel hand to hand, without sword or shield. I will save the Danes from this wicked foe, if it is within my power."

These brave words filled the king with joy. "O Beowulf," he said, "I know thou hast come to save us! Grendel hath killed my warriors until there are but few left. Now thou wilt slay him and our land will rejoice once more. Again will our great hall become a place of joy."

Then Hrothgar ordered rich food and drink to be placed upon the tables and the Goths and the Danes sat down together. The minstrel sang sweet songs while the Danes feasted and rejoiced in the beautiful hall, praising Beowulf, who had come so far across the sea to save them.

When the sun had set the king rose to leave the hall. "Beowulf," he said, "keep guard over this house tonight. Be brave! Remember what great deeds thou hast done. Be watchful for the foe. Save us from our terrible enemy, and whatever thou askest shall be given thee."

BEOWULF'S BATTLE WITH GRENDEL

Then all the Danes left the hall, but Beowulf and his companions remained to wait for the coming of the giant, Grendel.

As the darkness came on, Beowulf prepared for the battle, taking off his armor and laying aside his sword and shield. Then he said to his men, "This night shall prove whether Beowulf or Grendel is the stronger. With my two hands I will fight this giant. I have said that I will do this deed alone, and I must keep my word even though I die in this hall."

Then all the Goths except Beowulf lay down to sleep. But Beowulf kept guard, watching and waiting for the terrible monster.

All at once the great doors burst open and Grendel entered the hall. He looked around at the sleeping warriors and then quickly stretched out his arm to seize one of them. He did not see Beowulf, who was quietly watching him. Suddenly the monster's arm was caught in a grasp so strong that he could not shake himself free. Who could this be who dared to lay hold upon him?

Then a terrible battle began. Backward and forward they struggled until the great hall shook. Grendel had thought no man dared touch him, and his anger was fierce against Beowulf when he found he could not free himself from the hero's hand.

The noise of the battle was heard far away. The Danes woke and knew that the brave stranger was fighting to save their land. Louder and louder grew the noise and fiercer grew the struggle.

But at last the giant knew that Beowulf was too strong for him. He was so terribly wounded that he could fight no longer. With a great cry, the monster turned and rushed out of the hall. On and on he ran through the darkness until he came to the shore of a deep, gloomy lake. Into this lake Grendel plunged and was never seen again.

When morning came the glad news was told everywhere. "Grendel is dead. The noble Beowulf hath saved our land!" the Danes said to one another, with great rejoicing.

The king and queen, dressed in their most beautiful robes, came forth to meet Beowulf. Stretching out his hands to the brave prince, the king said, "O Beowulf, from this time, I will love thee as a son. Ask whatever thou wilt and I will give it thee."

"Not for reward did I come to this land," said Beowulf, "but to save thee from this terrible monster. Now that Grendel is dead and will nevermore trouble thee, I shall joyfully return home."

At these words the warriors shouted again, and praised Beowulf because he asked nothing for himself, and did not boast of the mighty deed he had done.

After this a great feast was spread in the hall and the Danes and the Goths sat down together. The hall echoed with laughter and song, and the good king rejoiced to see his people so happy. When the feast was over, he gave Beowulf a banner, a helmet, and a sword with a hilt of twisted gold. Then eight beautiful horses were led up to the door. Their harness was all of gold, and upon one was a saddle adorned with silver. This was the saddle upon which the king had often ridden to battle, and to show his deep gratitude he gave it to Beowulf.

To the other Goths the king gave rich presents, also, that all might know how greatly he honored them.

THE SECOND MONSTER

In the lake into which Grendel had plunged lived another terrible monster. One night soon after Grendel had died, this monster came up out of the lake and entered the hall where the Danes lay asleep.

Suddenly a cry rang through the building. When the men started up and seized their swords, the monster fled, but the Danes found that one of their bravest warriors had been killed. Then there was great mourning in the hall. All the joy at the death of Grendel was forgotten in this new sorrow, and messengers were sent to tell the sad news to the king.

"O, if Beowulf had only been there!" cried Hrothgar, when he heard what had happened.

Some of the men then ran to wake Beowulf. Surprised at the sudden call, Beowulf and his comrades hastened to the king.

"O, Beowulf," said Hrothgar, "a great sorrow hath come to us. My dear comrade is dead. A monster from the dreadful lake hath killed him!"

"Do not weep, O King," said Beowulf. "To each of us death must sometime come. It matters not when, if we do good deeds while we live. Let me see the track of this monster and give me one day and I promise to rid thee of this enemy, also."

Following the tracks, Beowulf and the king came to the margin of a dark lake. Gloomy trees bent over the water and the sun never shone upon the waves.

Then the great hero once more made ready for battle. He put on his coat of steel and his helmet, which no blade could cut. In his strong right hand he carried his gleaming sword.

Standing on the brink of the lake, Beowulf turned to the king. "Now, O King, I am ready," he said. "If I do not return, I pray thee be a friend to my comrades and send the gifts which thou gavest me to my king. Then he will know that I fought bravely."

Before Hrothgar could answer, brave Beowulf plunged into the water and disappeared. Down, down, down he went into the lake, whose depths no man had ever measured.

THE BATTLE UNDER THE WATER

The monster saw Beowulf and lay waiting for him. As soon as he touched the bottom she sprang upon him and seized him in her terrible claws. Only his armor saved the hero from death in that savage grasp. When she found that the armor could not be broken, she dragged him off to her cave.

Then with a mighty effort, Beowulf set himself free. Lifting his sword he struck at the monster with all his strength, but the blade twisted and the edge of the sword was blunted.

Throwing away the useless weapon, he seized the monster with those strong hands which had conquered Grendel. Then, deep down under the waters of the lake, Beowulf fought the hardest battle of his life. Backward and forward they struggled, in and out of the cave.

At last Beowulf felt that his strength was leaving him. His long fight with Grendel had exhausted him, and this battle, coming so soon after, was almost more than he could bear. Then he remembered his promise to Hrothgar, that he would rid the land of this enemy. If he did not conquer now, the Danes could never be happy again.

At this moment he saw a great sword hanging on the wall of the cave. Never before had he seen such a weapon. Surely no one but a giant had ever used it.

Seizing the sword, Beowulf lifted it with both hands high above his head, and struck with all his might.

Instantly the monster fell dead. Then a strange thing happened. The blade of the sword melted away and only the hilt remained in his hand.

Looking about him, Beowulf saw on every side gold and precious stones. He gazed in wonder at the treasure, but he did not touch it. He had gone down into the lake to save the Danes from their wicked foe. He had won the victory, but he would not make himself rich with the monster's gold.

One thing only did he take from the cave. He still held the hilt of the wonderful sword. This he would take to King Hrothgar, and together they would read the curious writing on the twisted gold.

Now for many hours after Beowulf had gone down into the lake, the king and his warriors sat watching and waiting on the shore. At last they rose sorrowfully and returned home. "Brave Beowulf is dead. The monster hath killed him!" they said.

But Beowulf's comrades would not go away from the lake. Perhaps their dear prince was yet alive and would return. So they waited on the shore, where he had left them.

At last the water of the lake moved; up from the depths came Beowulf. His faithful friends shouted with joy as they crowded around him to take off his armor, and to make sure that he was not hurt. Then joyously they marched back to the palace, where the king and his warriors sat sorrowing for the noble Goth who had risked his life to save their land.

When Beowulf was seen in the doorway there was great rejoicing. The king and queen came forward to meet him, and all the warriors crowded around, telling him how they had watched and waited, until as last they had given up hope.

After greeting the king and queen, Beowulf told the story of his battle under the water. He then gave the hilt of the sword to Hrothgar, and the Danes looked at it with great interest. All around the hilt was writing which told that the sword had been made for a giant who had lived many hundred years before.

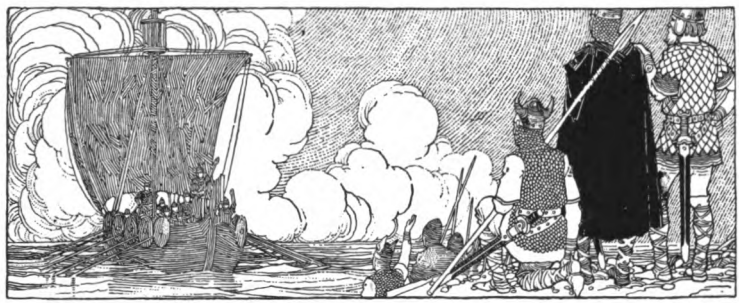
Beowulf told of the strange animals that made their homes in that dark lake. He told also of the piles of gold and silver which lay in the cave. "But of the treasure I touched nothing. Not for gold did I go down into that dreadful lake, but to save the people of this land," he said.

At these words the Danes could remain silent no longer. They shouted and laughed in their joy and in their love for this brave hero. Never before had men heard such a story as this which Beowulf told.

"O Beowulf," said the king, "thou art a true warrior. Deeds hast thou done for which thy name shall be known everywhere, and yet thou art not proud or boastful."

Then Hrothgar commanded that a feast be prepared, and Beowulf sat at the king's right hand and all were happy. No longer was the beautiful hall a place of terror. Hereafter all could enter it without fear.

BEOWULF'S RETURN HOME



Beowulf's work was now done, and he was anxious to return home. Calling his comrades, he went with them to the king to say farewell, and to thank him for the rich gifts he had given them.

"If ever again I can help thee, my lord, I will come to thee with joy," said Beowulf. "And if foes come upon thee, I will hasten across the sea and bring a thousand warriors to help thee."

The old king thanked Beowulf for the friendship he had shown him, and gave him more beautiful gifts than before. Then he put his arms around the hero's neck and kissed him, for he loved him greatly and would gladly have kept such a brave warrior with him always. The Goths then marched down to their boat and set sail for home.

When they touched the shore of their own land, messengers hurried to the king to tell him that his beloved friend had returned. The king welcomed

Beowulf joyously and said, "Sit here beside me and tell me all that has happened since we parted."

So Beowulf told of the welcome given him by the Danes and the kindness King Hrothgar had shown him. He told of the beautiful hall which no one dared to enter at night, of his fight with Grendel, and of the terrible battle under the water.

Then Beowulf laid before the king the gifts which had been given him. The beautiful horses were led up to the door and he gave these also to the king. Of all the treasure which Beowulf had received he kept nothing for himself.

THE FIERY DRAGON

After this the people loved Beowulf more than ever, and no one in all the land was more honored than he. For though he was such a mighty warrior and so strong in battle, yet he did not delight in war, but loved to do good and to live in peace with all. And though he had done such great deeds, yet he was never proud or boastful.

Several years after these wonderful adventures, the old king died, and the Goths asked Beowulf to rule over them. So the great hero became king and reigned many years, loved and honored by all.

For a long time there was peace and happiness in Beowulf's land. Then it happened that a slave, fearing that he would be punished for wrong that he had

done, ran away from his master. As he fled, he saw a large cave and entered it, thinking to hide there.

He had hardly stepped inside when he saw that a terrible dragon lay there asleep, coiled around a great pile of rings, bracelets, cups, and plates of gold and silver. As the slave looked at these beautiful things, he thought, "If I could take one of those gold cups to my master, he would forgive me for what I have done."

So stepping very softly, he stretched out his hand and took a cup. Then he crept quietly to the mouth of the cave. As soon as he was outside, he ran home and gave the cup to his master, telling him that he had found it in a cave.

Before long the dragon woke and knew that a man had been in his den. Then he discovered that one of his cups was gone. This made him very angry and as he could not find the man who had taken the beautiful cup, he made up his mind to punish all the people of the land.

So when darkness came on, the dragon spread his great wings and flew swiftly through the air. Blowing flames from his mouth he set fire to one house after another. Then he went back to his cave, leaving smoking ruins behind him.

That night there was sorrow among the Goths. In the morning the people came from all around to tell their king about the wicked dragon. Beowulf had seen the flames that arose as house after house was

destroyed and his heart was full of pity for his people. "Why hath the dragon made war upon us? Hath any man harmed him?" he asked.

Then the slave came and knelt down before Beowulf. "O King, the fault was mine! Thy servant stole a golden cup from the dragon's cave and now he hath come to destroy us all!" The slave then told the king of the great heap of gold and silver in the den and how he had risked his life to snatch a cup from the pile.

"Some one must go out to the cave and kill this dragon or we shall all die," said Beowulf, when the slave had finished his story.

Many brave men stood around the king but not one offered to go. "The dragon is too strong for any warrior to fight!" was their thought.

Beowulf was now old and his hair was white, but his heart was as brave as ever. "I will go out and fight this dragon," he said, "even though it be my last battle!"

Then he gave orders that a great shield of iron should be made to protect him from the dragon's breath. When this was ready he chose eleven warriors to go with him to the cave. The slave guided them to the entrance of the den, and then Beowulf sat down upon a rock and spoke brave and loving words to his men.

"I have fought many battles in my life and won many victories. Now I am old; yet I must fight once

more for my people. Wait here on this rock until ye see how the battle goes. I know your courage and your love for me, but this battle is not for ye. I must enter the cave and destroy this monster though it cost my life!"

BEOWULF'S LAST BATTLE

Standing near the mouth of the cave, Beowulf called to the dragon to come out of his hiding place and meet the king who had come to fight for his people. When the dragon heard his voice he was roused to fury. A noise like thunder came from the cave and the dragon rushed out.

Beowulf raised his shield and drew his sword. As the monster rushed upon him he lifted his arm and struck with all his might. But the blow only made the dragon more angry. Fire came from his mouth and flamed around the king. Still Beowulf stood firm, for he was willing to die, if he could only save his people from this terrible enemy.

The warriors ran into the woods to hide when the flames hid the king. They thought that the dragon would kill Beowulf, and that then he would attack them.

But one of the Goths, named Wiglaf, would not stay away from his king. He remembered how kind Beowulf had always been, how he had given him armor to wear, and had chosen him as a loved and trusted comrade.

As Wiglaf thought of all these things, he felt ashamed that he had run away, and he called to his companions to return with him to help the king.

His comrades, however, would not go. If Beowulf, the strongest man in the world, could not kill the dragon, what could they do? "If we return," they said, "we cannot save the king; we will only be killed ourselves."

Then the faithful Wiglaf replied, "Even if I cannot save my king, I can die fighting at his side!" Without waiting longer, he ran through the fire and smoke, and stood beside Beowulf.

"O my king," he said, "fight as thou hast fought so many times before, and save thy people from this terrible enemy. Remember thy victory over Grendel and the battle at the bottom of the lake. Remember how thy people love thee. Never will they be happy again if their king return not from this fight. Thine arm is still strong and I will aid thee."

These loving words comforted Beowulf and he struck with such force that the edge of his sword turned. At this the dragon seized him in his teeth and would have killed him, but Wiglaf struck so quickly that the monster let the king go and turned upon him. This gave Beowulf a chance to strike another great blow which ended the battle, for the dragon fell dead.

Beowulf had won the victory, but his strength was gone and he was sorely wounded. Then he spoke to

his faithful comrade, praising his courage and thanking him for his love. "Wiglaf," he said, "I have fought my last battle for my people. Fifty years I have been king of this land. I have had many joys and many sorrows, but I have never spoken falsehood or deceived those who trusted me. I have been faithful to my friends. I have tried to rule justly. Never have I taken from those who were weak or used my strength for myself, alone. Now I am not afraid to die."

Beowulf then took off the gold collar which was about his neck and gave it to Wiglaf. He gave him his rings and his helmet, also, because he was a brave warrior and a faithful friend.

So the great Beowulf died. His people mourned for him many years. In whatever land they journeyed they told the story of their beloved king, until the great deeds of Beowulf and his courage, his truth, and his gentleness were known over all the world.

—*Clara E. Lynch.*

SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR

SIGURD'S CHILDHOOD

Long, long ago, there lived in the palace of good King Alf of Denmark, a little boy named Sigurd. King Alf loved the little boy dearly and brought him up as his own son, for Sigurd's father was dead.

King Sigmund of Hunland, who was Sigurd's father, had been a great warrior and had died in battle, fighting the enemies of his country. When King Alf heard of this battle, he felt so sorry for the poor queen that he asked her to come and live in his palace. There she and her little boy would be safe from the wicked men who wanted to kill them.

So the queen left Hunland and came to the palace where King Alf lived with his father and mother. Here she and her little boy were welcomed very kindly and everyone tried to make them happy.

Little Sigurd could not remember his father, and he grew up in this beautiful home feeling the love of a son for King Alf. He loved King Alf's father, also, who told him wonderful stories and who was never too busy to answer his questions.

Sigurd's mother told him stories, too, but her stories were about his father. She told him how strong and brave he had been and how he hated falsehood and always told the truth, even to his enemies. She

told him of the wonderful sword which his father had carried, which would cut through iron or stone. In that last battle, the sword had been broken, but she had picked up the pieces from the battlefield and had brought them with her to this new home.

"Mother, give me that sword," the little boy would always say when his mother told this story.

"Not now, my Sigurd, thou art too young," she would answer, smiling.

"But, mother, when wilt thou give it to me?"

"Some day, when thou art older and stronger, thou shalt have it, my son," said his mother, gently. "But thou must ever be brave and truthful, as thy father was all his life."

As Sigurd grew older he loved more and more to hear these wonderful stories about his father. "Mother, wilt thou give me the sword now?" the eager boy would often ask.

"Not yet, my Sigurd; wait a little longer," his mother would say.

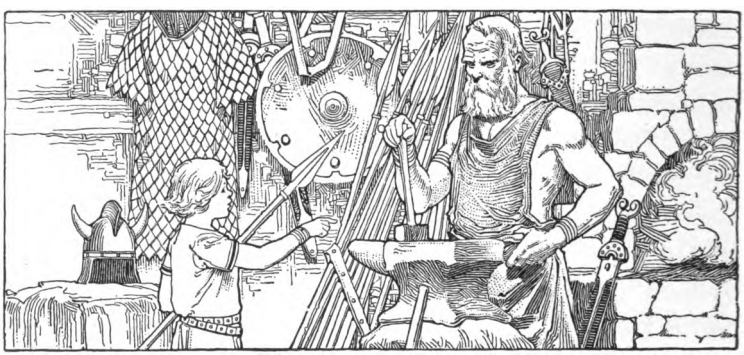
"But, mother, I am big and strong, now," the boy would answer.

Then his mother would smile lovingly at Sigurd. "Wait a little, my Sigurd. Thou art still but a boy. Thy father was a hero. Much there is for thee to learn and do before thou canst wear his sword!"

"But mother, if thou wouldst give me the sword I would be a hero, for then I would go away from here and do some great deed!"

"Stay with thy mother, now, Sigurd. Be brave and true. Think not of thyself but always of others. Then, some day, thou shalt do great deeds."

REGIN THE SMITH



So the years passed and Sigurd grew taller and stronger each year. His hair was golden brown in color, his cheeks were rosy, and his eyes large and shining. Other children loved him because he was always good-tempered and unselfish, and every one in the palace was proud of the beautiful boy who always spoke the truth and who was afraid of nothing.

In King Alf's palace lived a very old man named Regin. He was so old that no one knew when he had come to live there. Regin was the greatest smith in the world. He made spears, swords, and armor, such as no other man could make. He made wonderful things of gold and silver, also, and Sigurd loved to run into the smithy and watch Regin at his work.

Regin was a very wise man and knew all the languages which were spoken in the world. He could play sweetly upon the harp and sing wonderful songs of heroes and their battles.

Yet Regin was very unhappy. Many, many years before, a great treasure had been taken from him and he was always thinking and planning how he could get it back. He did not need the gold, for the kings had been good to him and had given him rich presents; yet he thought of his loss, day and night.

Now Regin knew that a battle must be fought in order to regain this treasure and he was not brave enough or strong enough to fight. So year after year he watched for someone who would have the courage to get the treasure for him.

When he saw Sigurd growing up, bright and brave and strong, he thought, "This boy has great strength and is afraid of nothing. He shall fight my battle and win my treasure for me!"

So Regin went to King Alf and said that he would like to teach Sigurd his wisdom, and give him skill in making swords and armor.

The king looked at Regin a moment and then said, "O Regin, truly thou hast much wisdom and it would be well for the boy to learn some things from thee. But he is loving and truthful and I would keep him so. Thou lovest no one. Thou wouldst deceive even me, thy king and thy friend. Teach Sigurd thy wisdom, if thou wilt, but teach him not hatred and deceit."

Regin looked down, because he could not meet the eyes of the good king. But he answered in a low voice, "Have no fear, O King. This boy will never lie and his heart will ever be full of love. But great deeds shall he do in the years to come and the whole world shall hear the name of Sigurd!"

After this Sigurd spent part of each day in the smithy in the forest, and Regin taught him many things which a prince should know. When his hours of study were over, the boy would bound away into the forest, where the other children were waiting to play with him.

In the woods Sigurd was only a happy child without any thought of battles or heroes. The forest echoed with the shouts of the children at their play, and often Regin, standing at the door of his smithy, heard the gay laugh of the young prince.

Then Regin would mutter, "The time is near when I can use the boy. I must not wait too long. It may be that when he is older he will want the treasure for himself; but now he cares not for the gold. If he wins it, he will give it to me."

One day, when the lessons were over, Regin asked his pupil, "How much gold did thy father, King Sigmund, leave to thee?"

"Gold!" repeated Sigurd. "I know of no gold!"

"Hast thou ever asked about the gold?"

"Why should I ask?" said Sigurd. "If my father left treasure the king would care for it."

"Dost thou trust this king so fully?" asked Regin.

"Why should I not trust him? He has cared for me all my life!" replied the boy.

"But the gold, Sigurd! Think what thou couldst do, if only thou didst have it!" said Regin.

"I care not for gold! I shall be a warrior and do great deeds!" said Sigurd.

"But a warrior must have gold. Thou wilt need horses and armor. Only with gold canst thou buy these things!"

"I have a horse, and I do not need armor now. The king gives me all that I need," said Sigurd.

Regin turned to his forge without answering, and Sigurd rushed out of the smithy into the forest.

One day Regin played upon the harp and sang wonderful songs to Sigurd, until the boy's eyes shone and his breath came quickly as he listened. The songs were all of battles and heroes, and the heroes were Sigurd's own father and grandfather.

Then Regin said, "When wilt thou do great deeds? Wilt thou stay forever here, where the people are cowards and where the king is too lazy to fight?"

Sigurd frowned at these words. "The people of this land have been kind to me," he said. "They are not cowards. And I honor and love the good king. Why should he fight when his land is happy and when no enemy has come against him?"

Regin laughed and answered, "Do heroes wait for the enemy to come to them? Do they not ride forth and

win great victories? But this king is not a hero and thou wilt stay at home with him, for thou carest not to do great deeds!"

"Thou knowest that I care, Regin! Some day I shall ride away from here and win a great victory."

"Then why dost thou not ask the king to give thee a horse?" said Regin.

"I have a horse and everything that I need," answered Sigurd. "Why should I ask for more?"

"But thou hast not a war-horse," said Regin. "Ask the king to let thee choose from the horses running free in the meadow. Then thou wilt have such a horse as a warrior should ride!"

SIGURD'S HORSE

That evening Sigurd said to King Alf, "Wilt thou give me a horse which I may ride to battle?"

"Where wilt thou go to battle?" asked the king.

"I know not as yet. But the time hath come when I must do great deeds and I would be ready."

"Take whatever horse thou dost wish, Sigurd, and bring him to me that I may see if thou hast chosen wisely," said King Alf, kindly.

Early the next morning Sigurd went out to the wide meadow where the horses were grazing. Suddenly an old man dressed in gray stood before him. "Whither goest thou, Sigurd?" asked the stranger.

"I go to choose a horse," answered the boy. "But how knowest thou my name?"

"I knew thy father," said the old man. "He was a brave warrior and I loved him."

"I know thou hast much wisdom and I love thee because thou didst love my father," said Sigurd. "Wilt thou help me choose my war-horse?"

"Yes," said the old man. "Let us drive these horses into the river."

Sigurd thought that this was a strange way to choose a war-horse, but he did as he was told, and soon the horses were in the water. All but one quickly struggled back to the shore. One beautiful gray steed, however, swam across to the other side and bounded away. Then turning suddenly, he came back to the river and swam to Sigurd's side.

"Here is thy horse, Sigurd," said the old man. "Strong and swift is he and on his back thou shalt ride to great victories. Only think not of thyself nor fear for thy life!"

Before Sigurd could thank him, the stranger had gone. The spirited gray animal stood as if waiting for his master to mount him. With a shout of joy, the happy boy sprang upon his back and rode toward the palace.

"Thou hast chosen a beautiful steed, my son," said the king when Sigurd reached the palace. "He will be strong and swift. But why didst thou choose this one from among all the horses in the meadow?"

Then Sigurd told of the strange old man who had met him near the river.

The good king looked lovingly at the boy and asked, "Said he anything of the time when thou shalt ride away from us?"

"He only told me not to think of myself nor to be afraid, if I would do great deeds," said Sigurd.

"Thou wilt do great deeds, my Sigurd, but there is time enough," said the king. "Be patient, for thou art still young."

REGIN'S STORY

So the days passed and Sigurd rode his splendid horse and worked at the forge and was happy always. One day when he sat in the smithy, Regin told him stories of heroes who traveled in many lands and fought many battles and at last became kings.

Then Regin said, "Thou art the son of King Sigmund, the noble warrior. Why dost thou wait here, when there are great deeds to be done?"

"Some day I shall do great deeds, Regin," said Sigurd. "But I am only a boy now. Why dost thou say these things to me?"

"Because a great deed is waiting now for thee to do," answered Regin. "But, I shall say no more, for thou dost love thy pleasant, easy life in the palace. The life of a hero is hard. Sigmund toiled and suffered and was often cold and hungry. But his son is not like him!"

Sigurd's eyes flashed and he sprang up from his seat. "Tell me now, Regin!" he cried. "What is the

deed I must do? Thou knowest I am not afraid of cold or hunger or pain!"

"Sit down, Sigurd, and I will tell thee, said Regin. "I belong to the race of dwarf people who lived on the earth many hundred years ago. I built for my father a strong castle and in this house my father heaped his treasure. I longed for my share of the gold but my father would give me none.

"So I worked and waited, but I thought of the gold all day and dreamed of it all night. Then my father died, and I thought that at last I would have a share of the treasure; but my brother drove me from the house, saying that the gold belonged to him.

"As the years passed, men told a story of a ruined house in which was heaped this treasure. But to go near it, they said, meant death, for a terrible dragon made his home there and guarded the gold. Men feared the dragon so greatly, because of the number of men he had killed, that no one would live in that land.

"But now thou hast come, O Sigurd, and I know thou wilt kill the dragon and win the treasure. Many, many years have I waited for this day. Wilt thou do this deed and win the praise of men?"

Then Sigurd looked straight at Regin with his clear, honest eyes. "I will go and do this deed," he said. "But the gold is evil. It hath brought unhappiness to many. It made thy father hard and it made thy brother wicked. Because of it, thou hast hated

thy brother. Because of it, this wicked dragon hath killed many good men. Not for the sake of the gold will I go and do this deed, but to rid the world of the terrible monster which guards it!"

SIGURD'S SWORD

The next day Sigurd came to the smithy and said to Regin, "Thou hast given me a great work to do. Now I would ask something from thee."

"Ask whatever thou wilt, Sigurd, and I will do it for thee," said Regin.

"Make me a sword, good and strong, from the pieces of my father's old sword. That blade will not fail me when I need it," said the boy.

Regin smiled and answered, "Bring to me the pieces, so that I can weld them together."

So Sigurd went to his mother and said, "Mother, where are the pieces of my father's sword which thou hast kept for me all these years?"

"My Sigurd, thou art still young for such a weapon," said his mother. "Wait a few years and then I shall give it thee."

"Give it to me, now, I pray thee, mother, for the time hath come for me to do the deeds which a hero must do!"

"What are the deeds which thou wilt do, Sigurd? Thou art but a boy, yet."

"Mother, there is evil which must be conquered and wrongs which must be made right. I cannot wait!"

"Have I not made thee happy that thou art so ready to leave me?" asked his mother, sorrowfully.

"Thou art my own dear mother and thou knowest that I have been happy. In this palace everything I need is given me. But that is not the life of a hero, my mother. Not so did my father live. A hero must not think of himself, but must be ready to suffer pain, and even death to save others."

"Come with me, Sigurd, and I will give thee the sword, for thy words show that thou wilt use it well." As his mother said these words she led the way to the room in which she kept her greatest treasures. Taking the weapon from the chest in which it lay, she handed it to the eager boy.

When Sigurd saw the sword, he cried out in joy, "O well hast thou kept it, my mother! Now these pieces shall be welded together and my father's blade shall be mine!"

So once more Sigurd went down to the smithy. "This is the sword which I shall carry, Regin," he said. "Mend it for me, as thou promised."

Regin took the pieces of the sword and went into the smithy. When he had welded them together, he gave the weapon to the boy, saying, "This steel will never fail thee."

As Sigurd took the sword in his hand, he thought he saw fire run along the blade. Lifting it high in the air, he brought it down upon the anvil with all his strength. The sword cut through the anvil and did

not break. Then Sigurd laughed aloud in his joy, for he knew that he had a weapon which would not fail him.

The next day Sigurd went to King Alf and told him that he was about to start on a journey.

"Where wilt thou go, Sigurd?" asked the king.

"I go to destroy a cruel dragon and to gain the treasure which he guards."

"But, Sigurd, thou art young and the deed thou wouldst do is one of great danger."

"I must go, for the monster is fierce and hath killed many people, so that no one can pass through that land," said Sigurd.

"Then go, my son. Be not afraid, for thou hast great strength and I know thou wilt win the victory."

SIGURD KILLS THE DRAGON

Now all was ready and Sigurd was eager to start on his search for the dragon. Early in the morning he mounted his horse and set out on the road which Regin told him he must take. Out over the plains he rode and then up a mountain path.

On and on he went, winding in and out around the mountains until the sun sank from sight and darkness came on. Then he lay down to rest and his beautiful horse stood near him. With the first light of dawn, he rose and continued his journey.

The mountains were like great walls on either side but Sigurd rode on, thinking only of the great deed

he hoped to do. Suddenly, he came out from the mountains into a great high plain. Then he knew he must be near his journey's end and that he would soon meet the monster he had come to fight.

Joyously he leaped down from his horse and went forward on foot, looking about for some sign of the dragon. Soon he found a track which he followed until he came to the edge of a cliff. Far below he saw a beautiful lake.

Then Sigurd knew that this must be the path taken by the dragon when he went to drink. As he was thinking how large the dragon must be to leave such a trail, he saw an old man at his side. Sigurd looked in his face and knew that this was the man who had helped him to choose his horse.

The old man smiled and his eyes were kind as he said, "Why art thou here, Sigurd?"

"I have come to destroy the dragon which hath killed so many people," said the young hero.

"But this is a terrible dragon. Fire comes from his mouth. He can kill thee with his breath or with one blow of his tail!" said the old man.

"I fear him not," replied Sigurd. "If I conquer, I shall win much glory; if the dragon be too strong for me, I shall die as heroes die!"

The stranger's face shone as he said, "Thy words are brave and good. Think not of thyself, for a hero must think always of others. But thou shalt win this victory and many other victories!"

These words made Sigurd very happy but before he could speak, the old man was gone. At the same moment he heard a roar and the earth seemed to shake under him. The dragon was coming!

Now, even if Sigurd had been at all afraid, he would have had no chance to escape, for the mouth of the dragon was open wide and flames and smoke shot out, so that the sky was darkened. But Sigurd stood still, holding his father's sword until the dragon was close upon him. Then he struck as he had struck upon the anvil and the dragon fell dead.

SIGURD SAVES THE PRINCESS

As Sigurd stood looking down at the body of the monster, a strange and beautiful thing happened. He heard the birds singing in the trees and suddenly he found that he understood their language.

One said, "Sigurd hath killed the terrible dragon. He will have great praise for this deed!"

Another said, "The treasure house is full of gold. Sigurd may now take it for his own."

The third said, "The gold will not bring happiness to him. But the helmet and armor which are with the gold, Sigurd should wear."

The fourth said, "A beautiful princess lieth asleep in a castle. She will never wake until Sigurd comes."

The fifth said, "If Sigurd would save the princess, he must go through the wall of fire."

Then Sigurd thought, "I will get the helmet and the armor, and I will save the princess." So he followed the track of the dragon and it led him to the treasure-house. There he saw the gold piled in great heaps just as the bird had said.

Sigurd found there, too, the helmet and the armor which the bird had said he would find. He put them on, for he thought he might need them when he came to pass through the wall of fire. Then he mounted his horse and set out to find the sleeping pricess.

"How shall I find the castle of the princess?" thought Sigurd. But he was not afraid, for his victory over the dragon had given him confidence. So he rode on and on until suddenly he saw a light in the distance.

"What can that be?" said Sigurd to himself. "Is it a fire on some distant mountain peak?"

Then he remembered the words which the bird had said: "If Sigurd would save the princess he must go through the wall of fire."

"Now, surely, I am on the right path," thought the young hero. "The light which I see must be the fire around the castle."

Sigurd went joyously forward until night came on; then he stopped and lay down to rest. He could hardly wait for morning, so eager was he to ride on and to find the princess. As soon as the sun had risen, he sprang upon his good horse and they hastened on their way again.

Many hours they traveled. The light grew brighter and brighter until Sigurd could see that it was high on a mountain. Then he knew that he was coming very near to the princess. Suddenly he saw the castle; and around it leaped the flames which he had seen so far away.

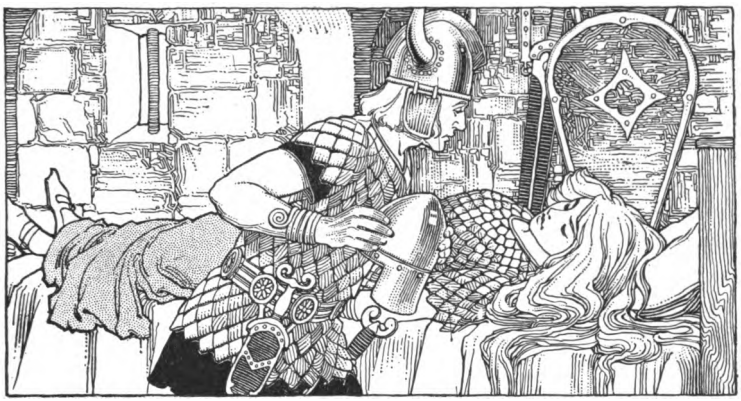
Up the mountain the good horse went. Just before they reached the wall of fire, Sigurd stopped and said to him, "In that castle lieth a princess whom we must save. If the fire burn us, we shall not turn back, for I must be a hero and must suffer for others, and thou art the bravest horse that man ever rode!"

At this the noble horse sprang forward right through the midst of the flames to the door of the castle. Then Sigurd leaped from his steed and entered the palace. There was no sign of life about the place as he went from room to room looking for the princess. At last he came to a hall in which someone lay asleep. But the head was covered with a helmet and the body with a war coat, so that he could not tell who this might be.

As he gently lifted the helmet, beautiful golden hair fell down over the war coat. Then Sigurd knew that he had found the princess.

She lay very still and her eyes were fast closed. The young hero knelt down and whispered softly to her, "Princess, wake! It is Sigurd who speaketh. I have come to save thee!"

But the beautiful sleeping princess did not stir.



"This heavy armor presseth upon her," thought the young warrior. So with the point of his sword he cut the war coat from top to bottom. Still the princess did not wake.

Then he saw that the sleeves of the coat still pressed upon her arms. With his good sword he cut the sleeves open from the shoulder to the hand. As they fell apart, the princess drew a long sigh and turned her head. Slowly she opened her eyes and looked in wonder at Sigurd.

"Who art thou who hast waked me from my sleep?" she asked.

"I am Sigurd, the son of Sigmund. I killed the great dragon and then came to save thee."

"Who told thee that I was here?"

"The birds sang in the trees and told me of thee," said the brave young hero.

"How couldst thou come through the fire, Sigurd?"

"There was no other way to reach thee, my Princess," he answered.

"Surely thou art a great hero, Sigurd. I was told that one who knew not fear should awaken me, and at last thou art come!"

"Tell me thy name, Princess," said Sigurd.

"My name is Brunhild and I am the daughter of a great king. Many years have I slept here, because no man dared come through the wall of fire. But thou art the bravest of all heroes for thou wast not afraid!"

"And thou art the fairest princess in the world, Brunhild!" said the young warrior.

So Sigurd saved the princess, and when people heard what he had done there was great rejoicing.

As the years went on Sigurd did many other brave deeds and won many battles, so that his name became known in every land. But wherever the stories of Sigurd's victories were told or sung, people loved best to hear of the deeds which he did in his happy boyhood,—the killing of the dragon and the saving of Brunhild.

—*Clara E. Lynch.*

ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT

ROLAND'S BOYHOOD

Near the town of Sutri in Italy, there once lived a woman named Bertha and her little boy, Roland. They were so poor that a cave in the hillside was their only home, and often they did not have enough to eat. But Roland, even when he was hungry, tried to be brave and cheerful for his mother's sake.

No one seeing the little boy in his ragged clothes would have imagined that he was the nephew of the great king of France, whose name was known all over the world. Roland did not know this himself. His mother never talked to him about her old home in France or about her brother, the great king Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, as he was often called.

Charlemagne had been very angry when his sister, Bertha, married a man who was not a prince. Her husband was not even rich, but he was kind and good. So Bertha was forced to leave the palace in which she had always lived and go out with her husband to find a new home. They were without money and no one in France dared to give them shelter, and so they wandered far away.

At last, near the town of Sutri in Italy, they found a cave in the side of a hill. Here they made their home and here their little boy grew up. Although they were poor, yet they were very happy, until one day Roland's father was drowned, and Bertha was left alone with her little boy.

Roland was too young to miss his father much, but his mother was very sad. Often when the young boy came in from play he would find her weeping. Then he would try to comfort her. "Do not weep, mother," he would say. "I am here and I love you."

All the children of the neighborhood gathered on the hillside to play with Roland, so that he was never lonely. Among these boys was Oliver, the little son of the governor of Sutri. Roland and Oliver became great friends, although Oliver lived in a castle and Roland in a cave. Oliver wore velvet and silk, while Roland's suit was made of the coarsest stuff and was nearly always ragged.

As Roland grew older, he saw that his clothes were not like the clothes of the other boys.

"Mother," he said one day, "I do not like these clothes. The boys call them rags. Why cannot I have a suit such as Oliver wears?"

"Roland, my son," said his mother, sadly, "Oliver's father is governor of the town. You have no father and we are poor. I have no money to buy anything new for you to wear. I cannot always get bread for us to eat, my poor Roland."

The boy was silent for a few moments. He was thinking about what his mother had just told him, but it was so hard to understand. Then he spoke again. "Mother, was your home always in this cave?"

His mother smiled sadly as she said, "Once I lived in a beautiful palace, Roland. But that was in a land far away from here."

"A palace, mother!" cried the little boy. "Did you live in a palace? Let us go to that land now. Then we shall never be hungry again!"

"Would you leave Oliver?" asked his mother.

"We will take Oliver with us," said Roland.

"I fear his father and mother would not like that. But run out now and play. Do not think about your clothes, but be brave and truthful always, and then I shall be proud of my son."

Roland wanted to make his mother happy, so he tried very hard to forget about his clothes and to be cheerful and unselfish. But he could not forget what his mother had said about the palace. One evening, when he was alone with her, he spoke of it again.

"Mother," he said, "Oliver told me today that only kings and very great men live in palaces. Was your father a great man in that beautiful land in which you lived?"

"My father was the king of that land, Roland," said his mother, quietly.

"Then, mother, you must be a princess! But how can you be a princess without servants or soldiers?" eagerly asked the boy.

"What would servants do for me, Roland?" asked Bertha with a loving smile.

"They would wait upon you and do your errands."

"I do not need them. My son's hands will wait upon me, and his feet will run upon my errands."

This pleased the little boy, for he wanted to help his mother. But soon he spoke again. "The soldiers, mother! You have no soldiers."

"What would the soldiers do for me, Roland?"

"They would watch to see that no one harmed you, and they would fight for you if the enemy came."

"I need no soldiers. My son's two eyes will be my watchmen and his two hands will protect me."

Then the little boy laughed and clapped his hands. "Let us play that this cave is your palace, mother, and that I am the army guarding it."

Roland never tired of this game and when the other boys joined him, they would play soldiers, too. They formed a little company and marched up and down with Roland as their captain.

CHARLEMAGNE FINDS ROLAND

During the years that Roland had been playing on the hillside, Charlemagne had been fighting the enemies of his country far and wide. He had won victory after victory until he had become known as the greatest warrior in the world.

Then it happened that on his way to Rome he stopped at the town of Sutri. He knew that the people would like to see him and he thought of a plan which he believed would give them pleasure. He ordered great tables to be placed under the trees and spread with rich food. When he and his nobles sat down to dinner, crowds of people stood around to look at the great king. Many of them were poor and hungry, and Charlemagne ordered his servants to give them bread and meat from the tables.

That morning neither Roland nor his mother had had any breakfast, so the little boy went out to see if he could find any wild fruit to take home. Seeing a crowd of people hurrying along, he followed them.

When Roland saw the tables spread with food and servants handing bread and meat to the people, he was so surprised that for a moment he could not move. He had not thought there was as much food in the whole city as he saw upon those tables.

It was a wonderful sight for a hungry boy. "And all this is to be given away!" he thought. "Now mother will have a good dinner!"

In his hurry he did not wait for anyone to give him the food, but he walked up to a table and gathered up as much as he could hold in his arms. Everyone looked with wonder at the beautiful boy in the strange clothes, who walked up so boldly to the king's own table and took bread and meat from it.

Although Roland saw nothing but the food before him, the watchful eyes of the great king had seen everything. His servants would have seized the boy, but the king motioned them back, saying, "Tomorrow, we shall dine here again, at the same hour. If the boy returns, bring him to me."

Roland joyously hastened to his mother with the food. The next day he came again just as the king seated himself at the table. A crowd of poor people stood around waiting to receive bread and meat. Roland again walked to the table and gathered up as much food as he could carry. Before he could turn away, a voice said, "Come here, my boy."

Then a servant led Roland to the head of the table and the little boy with his arms full of food stood before the great king. Charlemagne looked kindly at the boy and said, "If you are hungry, my child, sit down and eat as much as you want."

"You are very good," said Roland, "but I cannot wait. I must take this food home to my mother."

The great king smiled as he heard these words. "Who is your mother?" he asked.

"My mother is a princess," answered Roland.

Some of the people standing around laughed when they heard this answer from the poorly dressed boy. They thought it was very funny, but Charlemagne did not laugh. He had not expected such an answer, but Roland looked so straight in his eyes that the king felt sure that the boy spoke the truth.

"Where is your mother's castle?" he asked.

"On the hillside not far from here," said Roland.

"Has your mother servants to wait upon her and soldiers to fight for her?" asked Charlemagne.

"My hands wait upon her and my hands will fight for her," answered Roland.

Then the king laughed and told the child to run home to his mother. But as soon as he was gone, Charlemagne rose from the table and calling three or four of his nobles, followed Roland to his home. The king saw him enter the cave and heard his happy voice as he showed his mother the food he had brought.

When Charlemagne started to follow the boy into the cave, Bertha looked up and saw him in the doorway. With a cry, "Charles, my brother!" she ran toward him. But suddenly she stopped and would have fallen, if the king had not caught her.

As soon as she could speak she called Roland to her and told him that this was his uncle Charles, whom he had never seen. But when Roland looked into Charlemagne's face, he knew that it was a face he had seen before. This was the man who had sat at the head of the great table.

ROLAND'S NEW HOME

Soon Roland was telling his uncle how he loved to play soldier on the hillside.

"Will you come to live with me, Roland, and learn to be a real soldier?" asked the king.

"Will mother come, too?" asked Roland anxiously.

"Yes, your mother will come, too, and we shall live together in a great palace and be very happy."

"May I take Oliver with me?" asked the little boy.

"I fear we cannot take him with us, Roland," said Charlemagne, when Bertha had told him of the friendship between the two boys. "But perhaps Oliver's father will bring him to see you sometime."

This comforted Roland a little and when his uncle told him that he would have a horse to ride and a little sword of his own, he was very happy. So, when Charlemagne returned to France, Roland and his mother went with him to live in the palace.

As the years passed the boy grew tall and strong and learned to use the sword and the lance. But he was just as brave and truthful as when he played on the hillside. He never lost his interest in soldiers, and he hoped some day to be as great a warrior as his uncle. He longed for the time to come when he might ride out to battle and often begged the king to allow him to go with the army.

At last Roland was allowed to ride out with the knights who followed Charlemagne.

In his first battle the young hero saved his uncle's life, and after that whenever Charles went to war, Roland went with him. Soon he became known over all the world for his strength and courage. The king was proud of his brave nephew and the soldiers would follow wherever he led.

But Roland never boasted of his great deeds. "It was nothing," he would say when people praised him. Then he would tell of brave battles fought by others and would say how proud he was of his comrades. Sometimes, when he was starting out to war, he would look around him at the brave knights and say, "Oh, if Oliver were only here, how happy I should be!"

CHARLEMAGNE AND ROLAND IN SPAIN

Charlemagne was looking forward to a time of peace, when word was brought to him that a terrible people from Spain, called Saracens, had entered France. He prepared to fight them, and from all the country, warriors came to join his army. To Roland's great joy, Oliver was one of these knights and from that time the two friends were always together.

For seven years the war went on. At last the Saracens left France and returned to their home in Spain. Now Charlemagne knew that his country would never be safe until this foe had been completely conquered. So he followed them into Spain and drove them out of every city except Saragossa. Then the Saracen king, Marsilius, thought of a plan

by which he hoped to deceive Charlemagne and make him return to France.

One day as the great Charles was resting in the shade of a beautiful orchard, Saracen messengers came and knelt down before him.

"O great Charles," said the leader, "we come to you from Marsilius. He sends you rich presents and begs you to spare this city and return to France. He promises that he will follow you there in one month and that he will ever be faithful to you."

The king bowed his head and sat silent for some moments. Then he told the Saracens that he would consider the offer and he gave orders that they should be well cared for until the morning.

At break of day he called his warriors around him and told them of the message. "King Marsilius has sent messengers to me bringing rich gifts and asking me to return to France. He gives me his word that he will follow me there and ever be my faithful subject. Tell me what answer I should send him."

As soon as Charlemagne had finished speaking, Roland exclaimed, "My advice is, fight on! France will never be safe until Marsilius is conquered."

The great king bent his head, but did not answer. Then a knight named Ganelon rose and stood before him. "Roland is young, and talks foolishly," he said. "Listen not to him. King Marsilius offers us his friendship. Let us accept his offer and end this long, cruel war, so that we may return to our homes."

Then Duke Naymes, one of the oldest and bravest of the knights, stepped forward. His hair and beard were white as snow and everyone knew how greatly he loved his king.

"Ganelon has spoken wisely," said the Duke. "It would be wrong to refuse mercy to King Marsilius. This war should end."

Then all the knights cried out together, "Duke Naymes has spoken wisely! Let us end this war!"

"Tell me, then, whom shall I send as messenger to King Marsilius?" asked Charlemagne.

"I will be your messenger," said the brave Duke.

"You shall not go to Saragossa!" said the king. "I need you here."

Then he turned again to his knights. "Whom shall we send to King Marsilius?" he asked once more.

"Let me be your messenger," said Roland.

"You must not go," cried Oliver. "You are so hasty that you would get into trouble. I will go."

"Be silent, Roland!" cried Charlemagne. "Neither of you shall go!"

Then the archbishop came forward. "Let your knights stay here and send me to Marsilius."

"You shall not go!" said the great king. "You are needed here with the army."

Then Roland spoke again. "Let Ganelon go. He is wise and he will do the errand well."

At this all the knights cried out, "Roland is right! Let Ganelon carry the king's message!"

GANELON'S WICKED PLAN

Charlemagne ordered Ganelon to set out at once for Saragossa. Now Ganelon did not want to carry the message, for Marsilius had once put to death a messenger who had been sent to him by Charlemagne. So Ganelon was very angry with Roland for causing him to be chosen, and he cried out, "Roland is to blame for this! I shall always hate him and Oliver, his friend, for they have planned this thing!"

"Your words are foolish, Ganelon," said the king. "Go at once upon your errand."

Then the angry knight turned to Roland and said, "If ever I return, I will make you suffer for this!"

"I do not fear you, Ganelon," said Roland. "But I will gladly go instead of you, if the king will allow me to carry the message."

Ganelon would not listen to Roland; but he took Charlemagne's letter and set out for Saragossa. The knights were greatly troubled as they watched him ride away, for they wondered if any good could come from such a messenger.

On his way to Saragossa, Ganelon overtook the Saracen messengers who were returning to Marsilius. Their leader began to talk to him about Charlemagne and his victories.

"This Charles is a wonderful man," he said. "He has fought so many great battles and conquered so many lands. Why is he not now content to give up war and to spend the rest of his days in peace?"

"Roland is the one to blame," answered Ganelon. "He wishes his uncle to conquer the whole world. There will never be peace while Roland lives."

"But where will he find soldiers to help him conquer the world?" asked the Saracen.

"The soldiers of France will follow Roland anywhere, because they love him. But if he were dead, there would be no more wars," replied Ganelon.

"Do you think our land would be safe if Roland were dead?" asked the Saracen.

"I know that if Roland should die, Charles would return home and fight no more."

"Tell me how we may kill this Roland," said the Saracen, for he saw that Ganelon hated the brave young prince.

"I will tell that to King Marsilius," he said.

When they reached Saragossa, Ganelon was led to the king, who said to him, "Much I wonder at this Charles," he said. "Will he never tire of war?"

"Never while Roland lives," answered Ganelon. "Charles is not afraid of any man while he has Roland and Oliver with him."

"Tell me how I may conquer this Roland, for men say he is so strong and brave that a thousand men cannot stand against him."

Then Ganelon told his wicked plan. "Send gifts to King Charles and promise that you will never more fight against him. He will believe you, for he is so truthful that he would die before he would speak a

falsehood. He will return to France. But a guard will be left in the mountains until the great army has crossed over. In this guard will be Roland and Oliver and the bravest knights of France.

"When the rest of the army has passed over the mountains, send one hundred thousand men against this rear guard. These men will all be killed, for Roland's soldiers will fight like lions; then send another hundred thousand against them, when they are weak from the first battle. By this plan, Roland and Oliver will surely be killed, and Charles will never go out to war again."

"Your plan is good," said the king. "But how can I be sure that Roland will remain in the mountains with the rear guard?"

"Roland will always be where the greatest danger is," answered Ganelon. "When Charles goes to battle, Roland is always in the lead. But when the army leaves Spain, the danger will be from the rear. For this reason, Roland will remain until the last soldier has passed over the mountains."

Marsilius was so pleased with Ganelon's plan that he gave him rich presents and promised to send him more every year. Then seven hundred camels, loaded with gold and silver, were sent as a gift to Charlemagne. Mounting his horse, Ganelon set out to return to his comrades and early the next morning he reached the camp. The great Charles was glad to see him and asked what message he brought from Marsilius.

"Marsilius has sent you seven hundred camels loaded with gold and silver, and he will follow you to France before a month has passed. He will never again fight against you, but will always be obedient and faithful to you."

This message pleased the king and he praised Ganelon because he had done his errand so well. Then a thousand trumpets were sounded and the great army prepared for the journey to France.

THE REAR GUARD

When all was ready, Charlemagne said to his knights: "The mountain pass through which we must go is narrow. If the enemy should attack us there, we could neither fight nor escape. Who will guard our rear, that the army may pass through in safety?"

"You have no braver knight than Roland," said Ganelon. "Give him command of the rear guard."

Now Charlemagne did not want to leave Roland behind, but Roland smiled brightly and said, "Gladly will I do this. I thank Ganelon for naming me."

Charlemagne bowed his head and pulled at his white beard, for he feared that some harm might come to Roland. The tears fell from his eyes as he thought of leaving his brave nephew, perhaps to his death, in the mountains of Spain.

Then Oliver came to Roland's side. "If my comrade stays behind, I will stay with him," he said.

"I, also, will stay with Roland," said the brave archbishop, coming forward.

"And I," cried one after another, until the whole army would have remained; but Roland would allow only twenty thousand soldiers to stay.

Then he placed his men so that they would be able to guard the army as it passed over the mountains, and the journey to France was begun. The soldiers had been away seven years and they were happy to think that they would soon be home again.

But as they drew near to France Charlemagne became very sad. "I have left Roland in a strange land among his enemies," he said. "If he is killed, I shall never be happy again."

When the soldiers saw their king so sorrowful, they feared that they would never see Roland again. Gladly would they have turned back to save him or to die with him.

If they had only known it, Roland needed their help, for as Charlemagne marched away from Spain, a great Saracen army was coming into the narrow pass. Suddenly a thousand trumpets were blown, and the sound echoed through the mountains and reached the ears of the faithful rear guard.

"Listen!" said Oliver. "Do you hear trumpets?"

"The Saracens are coming!" cried Roland.

Then Oliver climbed a mountain peak from which he could see far across the country, and he saw the great Saracen army moving forward. Hastening to Roland, he cried, "I have seen one hundred thousand Saracens. We shall have a terrible battle!"

Roland then spoke to his soldiers, telling them that the enemy was close upon them. "We trusted Marsilius and he has deceived us," he said. "But we can show the Saracens how brave men die."

"We are ready to die for our king," was the answer.

Roland went among his warriors, telling them how greatly Charlemagne trusted them and how he would praise their bravery when he heard of this battle. The soldiers shouted again, "We are ready to die for our king!" Then Roland smiled upon them and rode out in advance of his army to meet the enemy.

ROLAND'S LAST BATTLE

The Saracens came on, confident of victory because of their great numbers. But the soldiers led by Roland and Oliver fought so bravely, that at last the enemy turned and fled. Then Roland went over the battlefield weeping for the many noble knights who had fallen in that fierce struggle.

Suddenly he heard the sound of trumpets and he knew that another army was coming against them. "Oliver," he said, "Surely Ganelon planned this attack. He wishes to kill us. We cannot now hope for victory, but let us die bravely."

Again he formed his men in line for battle. On came the Saracens, but when they charged upon Roland's army they were driven back. Again and again they tried, but each time they met defeat. At

last, so many Saracens had fallen, that those who were left fled from the field.

But the victory had not been won without great loss. Roland wept for the brave soldiers who would never again follow him to battle, and Oliver cried, "O! if Charles had only been here!"

Then for the third time trumpets rang out, and over the mountains came another great Saracen host. Once again Roland's weary soldiers formed for battle. Four times they drove back the enemy, but at last they could do no more. One by one the knights had fallen until but few remained.

Roland looked around at the brave men fighting against such great numbers, and he thought that perhaps some could be saved. So he raised his horn and blew with all his strength.

Far away on the other side of the mountains Charlemagne heard that sound. "I hear Roland's horn," he cried. "Roland calls to me for help!"

But Ganelon said, "When did Roland ever call for help? It cannot be his horn."

Again came the loud sound. "I know that is Roland's horn!" cried the king. "The rear guard has been attacked!"

"Who would dare attack Roland?" asked Ganelon. "Let us ride on to France, for he is surely safe."

Once more Roland sounded his horn. This time Charlemagne would not listen to Ganelon. "Roland calls me!" he said. "I must go to him."

Then he gave the command and the great army turned. Every soldier said to himself, "O, if I could have been with Roland to fight at his side and to die with him if he must die!"

While Charlemagne and his army were hastening back over the mountains, the soldiers of the rear guard were fighting bravely. At last a coward struck Oliver from behind with his spear. Then Oliver called Roland to him, for he knew that he was dying. Roland ran quickly to his comrade and put his arms about the wounded warrior. "O, Oliver, my friend, how can I live without you!" he cried.

Oliver spoke loving and brave words to Roland and prayed God to guard him. Then his head dropped on Roland's shoulder, and the brave knight died.

For hours the battle went on. At last Roland alone was left to fight the enemy. Even then, not one of the Saracens dared to come within reach of his arm. Suddenly, as they circled around, seeking a chance to strike him, they heard the trumpets of Charlemagne.

"The trumpets of France!" they cried. "The great Charles is coming! We must escape while there is yet time!"

So four hundred of the bravest Saracens went as near to Roland as they dared and hurled their spears at him. Then they fled from the field.

Again the trumpets rang out, and this time the sound was near at hand. But Roland knew that Char-

lemagne's army had come too late. Oliver was dead, and all the other faithful friends who had followed him so often had fallen in the battle. Roland himself was so badly wounded that he knew he could not live.

He climbed a little hill and lay down under a pine tree, with his face toward the land of Spain. Praying God to forgive him for all the wrong he had ever done, he closed his eyes as if to sleep. When Charlemagne and his army came, they found him lying there, and they knew that France had lost her greatest warrior and her noblest knight.

—*Clara E. Lynch.*

Part V

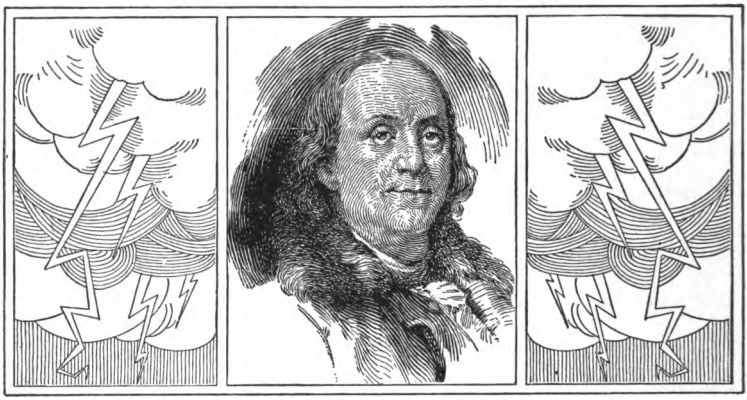
GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Biography

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. When a young boy he went to Philadelphia to seek his fortune as a printer. Here he succeeded so well that in time he became editor of the city's leading newspaper.

The welfare of Philadelphia interested Franklin so greatly that he organized a street-cleaning department, a fire company, and a public library—the first of their kind in America.



Franklin was especially interested in the study of science. Everyone knows how he "snatched lightning from the skies," by using a key and a kite with a silk string. This experiment led to his invention of the lightning rod. Among his other inventions were the "Franklin Stove," and a street lamp which was used for years in Philadelphia.

When the Revolutionary War began, Franklin was sent to Paris, where he gained the help of France for the American Colonies. Because of this and other acts of public service, he is known as one of our greatest statesmen.

Franklin was also a noted writer. His *Autobiography,* from which "The Wharf," page 251, is taken, tells the interesting story of his life. *Poor Richard's Almanac,* another of his famous writings, besides telling about the weather, gives proverbs, some of which you will find on page 252.

THE WHARF

At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose.

Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently, sometimes two or

three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf.

Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

PROVERBS FROM *POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC*

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

A word to the wise is enough,
Many words won't fill a bushel.

Constant dropping wears away stones;
Little strokes fell great oaks.

One today is worth two tomorrows.

He that riseth late must trot all day.

Lost time is never found again.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD

(A letter to Benjamin Webb, in reply to his letter asking for money)

Passy, 22 April, 1784.

I received yours of the 15th instant. The account of your situation grieves me. I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors.

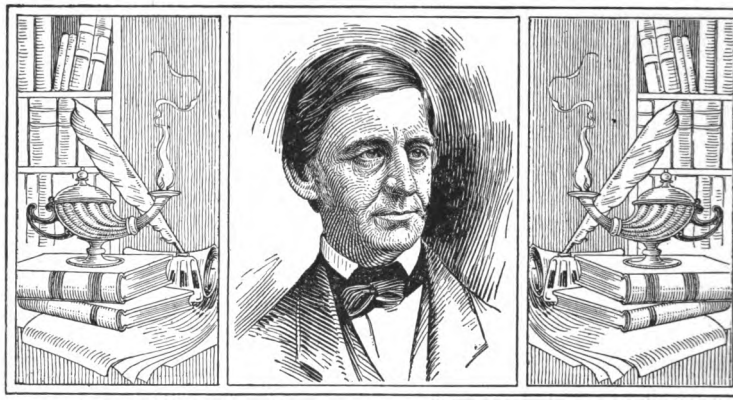
I do not pretend to *give* you such a sum; I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts.

In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; requiring him to discharge the debt by a like action when he shall be able, and shall meet with another such opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave who will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money.

I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.

With best wishes for your future prosperity, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant.

B. FRANKLIN.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Biography

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was born in Boston, near the birthplace of Franklin. When he was a mere lad of eight years, his father died, and as the family was poor, his mother "took boarders." Young Waldo did his share toward the support of the family by helping his mother with the work, and by driving the neighbors' cows to pasture.

Emerson earned his way through Harvard College by waiting on tables. It is interesting to know that he helped Thoreau to build the cottage at Walden. (See picture on page 141.)

All his life, Emerson was a great student and lover of books. His most famous works are his essays, but he wrote some very beautiful poems.

WE THANK THEE

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

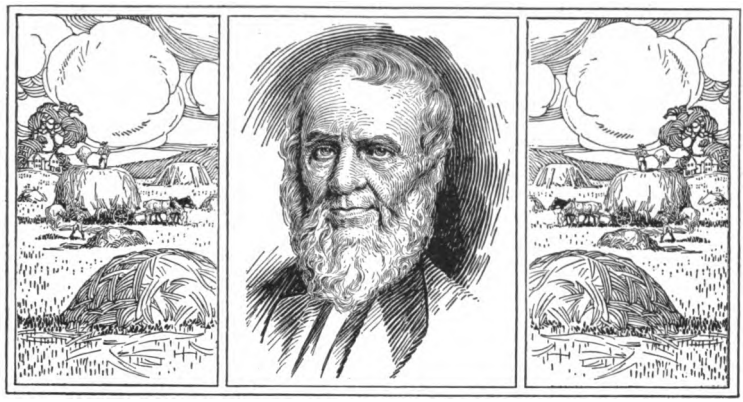
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His goodness sends,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

A FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."



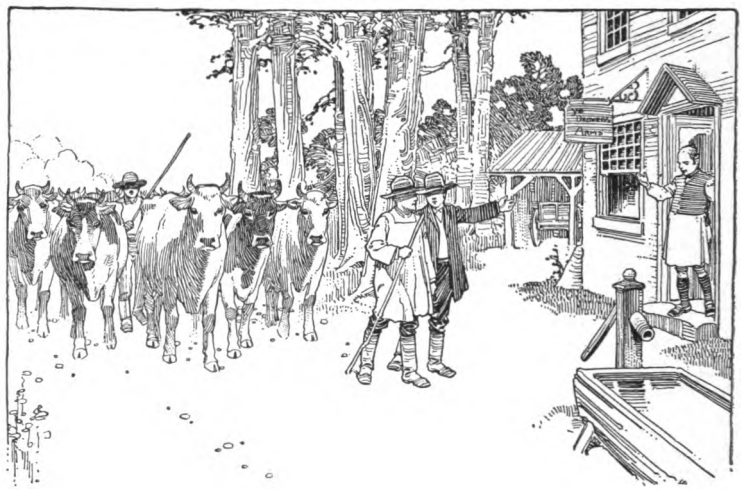
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Biography

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born in the same year as Longfellow, and in the same county as Hawthorne. Near the village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, still stands the old farmhouse which was his birthplace.

In this hilly region Whittier lived quietly on a farm, and many of his poems picture country life. In his *Songs of Labor,* from which "The Drovers" and "The Fishermen" are taken, he gives scenes of simple occupations common in his part of the country.

Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson went to college, but Whittier's parents were too poor to give him this advantage. His education was limited to the district school which he attended each winter.



THE DROVERS

Through heat and cold, and shower and sun,
Still onward cheerily driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

But see! the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.

The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

Day after day our way has been,
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.

Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.

Forth comes the startled goodman; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

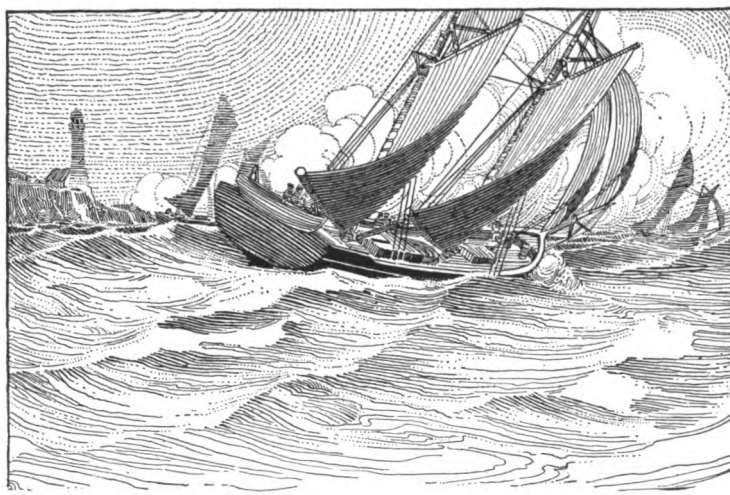
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.

Tomorrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

Then let us on, through shower and sun,
And heat and cold, be driving;
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.



THE FISHERMEN

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!

Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.

One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;

Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!

Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west-wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
Give way, my lads, give way!

Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

I think the chief attraction of the brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his walks to the country brook.

We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or in the haying-loft to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

It was a still, sweet day of early summer. The long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others do, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog.

"Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight.

"Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly.

"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun.

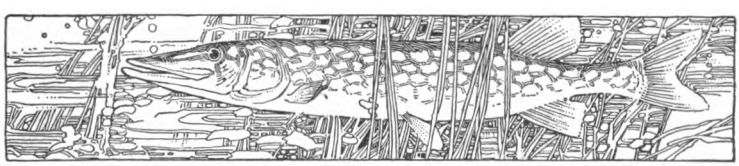
"Uncle!" I cried, looking back in excitement, "I've got a fish!"

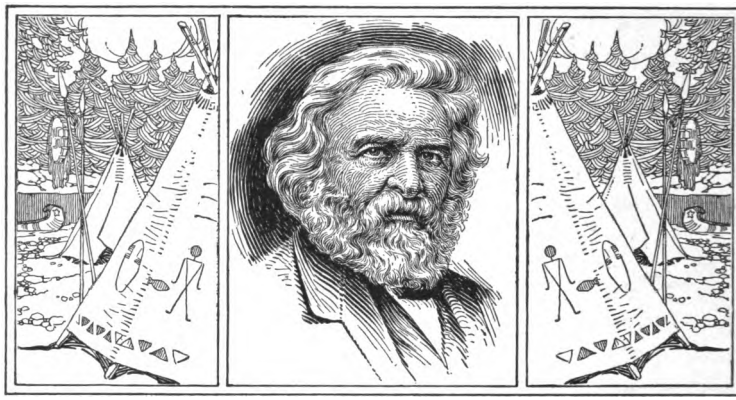
"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

Overcome by bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since have I been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."





HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Biography

No American poet is better known or better liked than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). He was so fond of children that he is often called "The Children's Poet."

The Longfellow home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was once the headquarters of General Washington. The house is surrounded by stately trees, and commands a good view of the Charles River. The poet's daughter, Alice, now lives in this famous old home.

One of the subjects which interested Longfellow most deeply was the life of the American Indians. *Hiawatha,* one of his best-known poems, gives a beautiful picture of Indian customs. "Hiawatha's Fishing," page 269, is taken from this poem.

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain;
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

THE PIKE AND THE SUN-FISH

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch-canoe exulting,
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows with tail erected
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch-canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,

"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, he tugged so
That the birch-canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,

And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.
But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

NAHMA, THE STURGEON

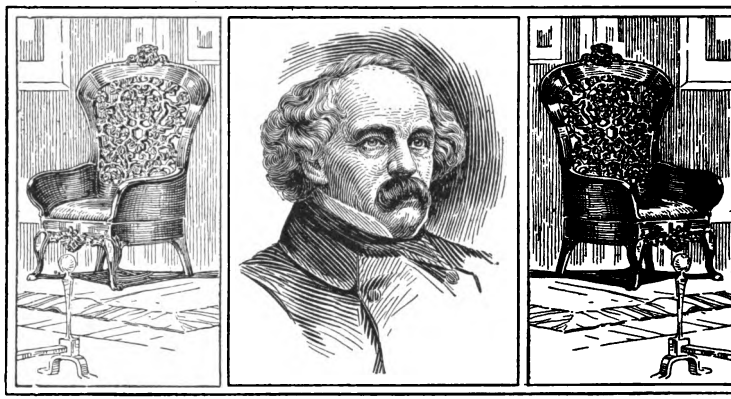
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.
Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For henceforward and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
" 'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"

And he shouted from below them:
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Biography

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, not far from the birthplace of Whittier. He is often called "The Great American Story-Writer," because his vivid imagination enabled him to write fascinating tales.

Grandfather's Chair, one of Hawthorne's most famous books, is a collection of these stories. This book pictures early New England life by means of tales which a grandfather tells while sitting in his old arm-chair. "The Sunken Treasure," page 277, is one of these incidents.

"The Miraculous Pitcher," page 284, is from *A Wonder-Book,* another collection of tales which Hawthorne wrote for children. In this Reader these selections have been slightly shortened.

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

THE UNSUCCESSFUL VOYAGE

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room stands Grandfather's chair, newly polished, and adorned with a cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat is all flowered over with gold.

His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adze, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane.

Such an aspect as this did Sir William Phips present when he sat in Grandfather's chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep in his boyhood and youth.

Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak-trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow lady, who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage, and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

In the year 1684, he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and, hitherto, nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about.

But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with

Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of a vessel, called the *Rose Algier,* carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phips of the English navy.

Captain Phips sailed from England in the *Rose Algier,* and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century.

They broke out in open mutiny; but were finally mastered by Phips, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

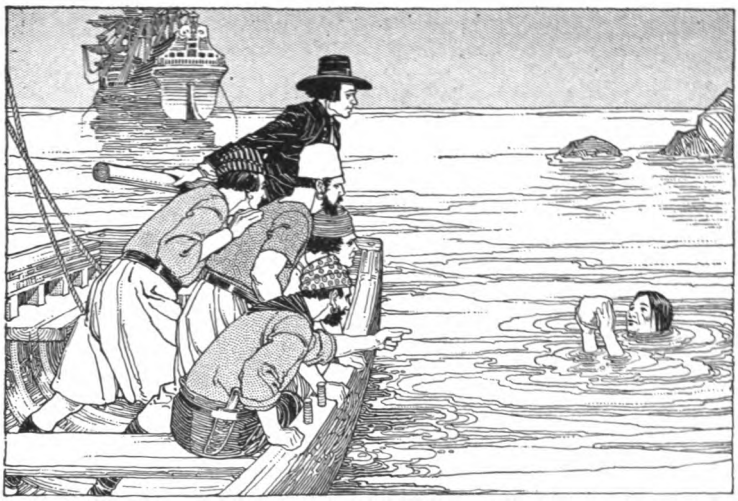
PHIPS FINDS THE TREASURE

On his arrival in England, Captain Phips begged the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James refused to have anything more to do with the affair.

Phips might never have been able to renew the search if some noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phips. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell of the waves, and looked as bright as if its leaves were gold.



"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked, so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged

over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon.

In a few moments one of them arose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phips of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cries Captain Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Now their rakes or fishing-lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money-bags. By remaining so long in the

salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars.

Captain Phips and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars, as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short.

Then Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfil his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship-carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended to spend a quiet hour or two before bed-time.

So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and

me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes honey from their bee-hive.

But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveler who might pause before their door.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and the water-weeds had grown along the margin. But it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake.

Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures. But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were a very selfish and

hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless.

You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people used to clap their hands when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking and snarling.

THE TWO TRAVELERS

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little further off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers, with all their might.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened to the cottage. Philemon went forward, saying in the heartiest tone,—

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder, in the village. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak. Philemon saw, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes.

One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always found my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

THE MARVELOUS STAFF

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully done that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall, as he did so. And

here happened something rather marvelous. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff, by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern, that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the

twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be dressed so humbly, and to be journeying on foot.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk with Philemon. The younger, indeed, made such witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name. And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the best part of today's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing. "I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband, "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story.

Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well; when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end beside Quicksilver's chair.

Old Philemon, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

THE WONDERFUL SUPPER

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. A pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained at the bottom of the pitcher.

Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible by so doing to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left.

However, in order to let him know how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, and although the loaf when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own baking.

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its color was that of the purest gold; and it

had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way, in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" she asked.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought—that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days."

"Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please," said Quicksilver, "and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained

not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and delicious milk.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild deep voice. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty."

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE VILLAGERS

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, he pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

When alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save these planks.

The old man and his wife were stirring early in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart.

Philemon asked them to remain until Baucis could milk the cow, and find them a few eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to travel a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They therefore set out, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four started from the cottage, chatting together like old friends.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door, "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so,—that it is!" cried good old Baucis. "And I mean to tell some of them what naughty people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

"When men do not feel toward the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the elder traveler, "they are unworthy to be on earth."

"And, by-the-by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is the village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? I do not see it."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the trees, and the wide street, with children playing in it. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence.

In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never sweetened the hard lot of others.

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, "they are all changed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

THE REWARD OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

"As for you, good Philemon," said the elder traveler,—"and you, kind Baucis,—request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then,—I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger. "Now, look toward your cottage!"

They did so. But what was their surprise, on beholding a tall palace of white marble, occupying the spot where their humble home had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show hospitality in yonder palace, as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him, but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, kept its marvelous quality of being never empty.

Whenever an honest and good-humored guest took a draught from this pitcher, he found it the sweetest fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross

and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his face into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, to invite the guests to breakfast.

The guests searched everywhere, all to no purpose. But they saw in front of the portal, two trees, which nobody could remember to have seen before.

Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom.

While the guests were marveling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their boughs astir. And then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

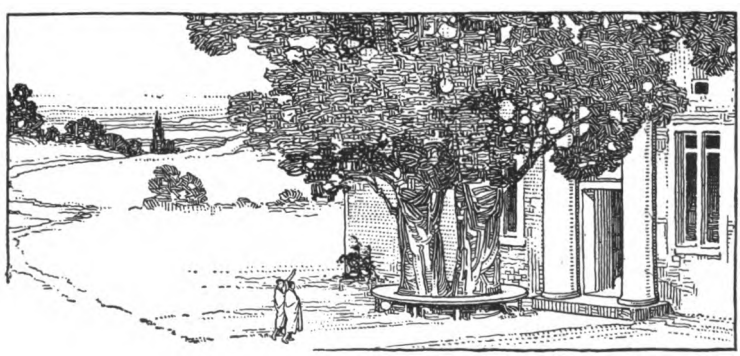
But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once—"Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!"—as if one were both, and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their heart. It was plain enough that the good old couple were now to spend a quiet hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty, used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now!



HELPS TO STUDY

(A few selections, because of their simplicity, are not treated in these "Helps")

Notes and Questions

LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES, P. 7

In the Revolutionary War the American Colonies fought for freedom from Great Britain. On which side were Anne's father and brothers?

What good qualities did Anne show?

"Bound to respect our rights"—must treat us honorably.

What good qualities did Cornwallis show?

Why was Anne called a "rebel"?

Why did she think that her cow must be a "rebel cow"?

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON, P. 10

Washington was commander-in-chief of the American army in the Revolutionary War. What have you read about his life that helps you to see why he was said to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"?

Read lines that tell how the camp was being "fortified," or protected.

Why did not the corporal help the soldiers?

Read lines that show Washington was ready to help his men and share their hardships.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY, P. 12

Read lines in which the poet makes us see how great our country is.

Can you tell where our flag flies over our land, yet "half a world away"?

The colors of the flag have a meaning. Red is for bravery, white for purity, blue for justice.

Notice how the lines of the poem suggest a march.

A STORY OF THE FLAG, P. 14

What new idea came to Frank at the sight of the American flag in Paris?

American Consuls are sent to the important cities of other countries to look out for the business interests of the United States.

A franc is a French coin worth about 20 cents.

Why did the Consul place an American flag on a Frenchman's tomb?

NO BOY KNOWS, P. 20

What does the first stanza tell you that boys may know?

"Idle"—to be unoccupied with work.

What things are mentioned in the second stanza that boys may know?

"Ever repeating their parts again." The poet thinks of the world as a play, on a stage. The

raindrops, the snowflakes, the ice—all are thought of as actors in the play, with their parts to act over and over again.

What do the sunbeams do with the water which they "sip" from the earth?

"Long glad while"—a long, happy time.

"Since the dawn's first smile"—since he was born or first saw the light.

The poet speaks of the "dawn" as if it were a person. Do you like this fancy?

Do you think the woods are so beautiful that the poet may speak of them as a "divine" or heavenly place?

"Followed me o'er and o'er"—called up past memories throughout his life.

Has your mother ever "pleaded" with you when you did not want to hear her?

A DOG OF FLANDERS, P. 22

Antwerp—now the main seaport of Belgium, a country of Europe, on the North Sea.

Flemish village—a village of Flanders. Parts of Belgium, Holland, and France, at the time of this story, formed the country of Flanders. Antwerp was then a city of Flanders.

A league—about three miles.

The coast of Belgium is low. Canals cross the country and dikes keep out the sea.

Windmills are used in Belgium to pump water from the lowlands so that they may be used for farming.

Read lines which tell you of the lowlands, the canals, and the windmills.

Why is Patrasche called a "beast of the shafts and the harness"?

What custom of the country does this show?

The "city of Rubens"—Antwerp, where the great painter Rubens lived.

Brabant—a part of Flanders.

Can we judge the character of people by their treatment of dumb and helpless animals?

Can you give any instances that show that dogs are grateful for kindness?

How did Patrasche show that he was grateful for kindness?

EVENING AT THE FARM, P. 30

At what time of day do shadows "lengthen"?

What did the farm-boy's shadow look like? Why?

What other things mentioned in the poem show that evening is coming?

Why did the farm-boy go over the hill?

What was the milkmaid's "task"?

Why did the milkmaid call?

Read lines which contain pictures you like.

Tell what you see in them.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS, P. 32

What does the first stanza tell us the little brown hands do?

What bird is mentioned in the first stanza?

Where does he make his nest?

What does the poet say that the owners of the "little brown hands" will do when they become men and women?

"Purple"—to turn purple.

WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID, P. 35

In this poem who is talking? To whom?
What are the uses of the tree in the forest?
With what does the poet compare the "wandering birds"?
How did the tree help the vines?
What "sweet faces" come in the spring?
Why does the tree say, "But how soon fades the memory of good"?

PIONEER TALES, P. 38

Read lines that tell why Crockett crossed the river.
A "freshet" is an overflowing of a stream, caused by rains or melted snows.
"Put in"—went in.
Read lines which tell of Crockett's adventure at the second slough.
"Cut out"—moved off quickly.
"Put on to it"—went on to it.
Read lines that show Crockett was thoughtful of his family's needs; that he did not fear discomfort and pain; that he was quick in overcoming difficulties.
"Harricane"—a cane thicket.
Read lines which tell how Crockett kept himself from freezing.

EARLY SETTLERS, P. 44

How long did the journey take?
What things that now make travel easy were unknown then?
Why were spinning-wheels and looms carried?
"Bolster"—the bar over the axle which supports the wagon-bed.
"Near saddled horse"—the one on the left hand.
How were the "axe and fire" used in clearing the "patch of ground"?
Why did these settlers make their home near the river?
These were settlers in the warm southwest. Do you think they had more or less hardships than settlers in the northwest?

DANIEL BOONE, P. 47

What qualities did it take to settle a country which was open to attacks by savage tribes?
Why did the Indians require Boone to account for the balls and powder they gave him?
Boonesborough was on the Kentucky River. Why were forts needed in that country?
How many miles a day did Boone travel in his escape to the fort?
From a study of this selection can you give some reasons why Boone is remembered and admired?
Read an incident which shows Boone's coolness and quickness, when in danger.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, P. 50

What does the picture on page 50 tell you?
Where did this scene take place? When?
Why did Governor Bradford appoint a day for thanksgiving?
Who was Massasoit?
Who was Miles Standish?
Why were the Indians invited to the feast?
What had Squanto taught the white settlers?
"Must needs,"—feels that she must.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, P. 63

Alice has been playing a game of chess. This is played with pieces named Kings, Queens, etc. Then she sits by the fire before the looking-glass. She fancies there is a house behind the glass and wishes she could visit it. Then she falls asleep and dreams that she goes through the looking-glass, into the Looking-Glass World. In this world she finds living chessmen. After many adventures she becomes a Queen.

What "rule" did Alice mean?

Why did the Queen "change the subject" so suddenly?

Alice is very fond of an argument. Read lines which tell of some of her arguments with the Queens.

Is she able to convince them that they are wrong?

Alice expects things to happen as they do in her own world. But nothing happens as she expects. This makes the fun of the book. Read lines that show this fun.

"Alice considered"—thought it over.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, P. 75

The Grimm brothers went about Germany listening to the old tales the country-folk could tell and writing them down that others might learn to know and enjoy them. This is one of the tales that was told to them.

What boast did the miller make?

Read lines that tell of the visit of the dwarf.

Did the first gold satisfy the king?

Read lines that tell of the dwarf's third visit and the promise.

Do you think the dwarf knew the girl was to be Queen?

Read lines that tell of the "chance" the dwarf gave the Queen.

Why did the Queen pretend to be sad?

What do we call this kind of story?

Was there ever a time when these stories were believed?

THE WISE JACKAL, P. 82

Why did the kind Brahman at first refuse to set the tiger free from the cage?

Why did he finally open the door of the cage?

What did the tiger do when he was set free?

What proposal did the Brahman make to the tiger?

What plan was agreed upon?

How did the jackal outwit the tiger?

"Slow in his wits"—stupid; thick-headed.

THE NUREMBERG STOVE, P. 89

Nuremberg—a city in Bavaria.

How did August come to be so named?

Why did the family name the stove "Hirschvogel"?

How did the family come to have the stove?

Why did August love the stove?

Why did August's father sell the stove?

Why did the King buy it?

"Six stout men"—strong men.

"Stout mile"—full mile.

Why did the King punish the traders?

What did he make them do?

A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE, P. 113

This selection is from a story of Revolutionary times. Robinson is on the American side. On which side were the Ramsays?

Gates, the American general, was marching to Camden to meet the British army. Why were the Ramsays so anxious for news?

What soldiers wore "red coats" in this war?

Read lines that give Robinson's instructions to Andy.

How did these instructions show that Robinson meant to keep Andy out of danger?

Do you think that Andy meant to run away from danger?

Read lines that show how Robinson tried to make the soldiers believe he had a large force with him.

How did the soldiers feel when they saw the "troop" that had captured them?

What did the "glances" of the captured soldiers tell Robinson?

Why did he make the soldiers lead the way?

"Behave handsomely"—act in a brave manner.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE, P. 122

Why did Scrooge call Christmas a humbug?

What did Bob Cratchit have that Scrooge did not have?

Read what Scrooge's nephew said Christmas had done for him.

What did the Fairy bring Scrooge for a Christmas gift?

What does Act I tell you? Act II? Act III?

What change came over Scrooge?

What caused this change?

PLANTING THE TREE, P. 135

What parts of the ship are made from the wood of the tree?

"All parts that be"—all the different parts there are.

A "crag" is a steep, rugged rock.

What "crag" have you seen?

What "spire" have you seen that "out-towers the crag"?

What day is set apart for one of our duties toward trees?

THE TREE, P. 140

Read lines that show the poet is thinking of the tree as a person.

What is meant by "their brown"?

How could the Frost "take them away"?

What part of the Tree is his "crown"?

Is the Tree willing to give his blossoms away?

Is the Tree willing to give his berries away?

How does he seem to show this?

Do you know of a tree that bears "berries"?

THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN, P. 141

The picture shows the cottage that Thoreau built in Walden woods, where he lived two years, studying the animals and the birds and the trees. Read p. 254.

How did Thoreau "bait" the squirrels?

Can you use another word for "warily"?

"Shrub-oaks"— or scrub-oaks, a dwarf variety of the oak tree.

"Winding up his clock"—chattering to himself.

Why does the author speak of the squirrel as an "impudent" fellow?

Read the lines that tell how tame the squirrels became.

BEES AND FLOWERS, P. 149

What different kinds of bees are mentioned?
Where do bees store their honey?
What does the bee do for the plant in return for the honey?
Why do some flowers have bright colors?
What experiment did Sir John Lubbock make? (It is doubtful whether this single experiment really proves that bees can tell one color from another.)
Why do some flowers close when the rain comes?

THE FLAX, P. 155

Read lines that show how hopeful and contented the flax was.
Read lines that show how discontented the stakes in the hedge were.
What did the flax say when it was pulled up, thrown into the water, and then roasted before the fire?
What was the flax made into? The linen?
Read the last paragraph, giving the words of the happy flax.

THE BROOK-SONG, P. 160

How did the poet learn so much about the brook?
What songs does he ask the brook to sing?
What does he say the "ripples" are like?
What do you think it was that made the "dreamer" sad?
Who do you think the "dreamer" was?
Read the lines in which he tells the brook how to help him.

A WONDERFUL WEAVER, P. 163

What do we call the white mantle or cloak which the weaver makes?
How does this cloak help the earth?
What is the weaver's shuttle?
What is his loom?
Where does he put the laces he makes?
How does he change the pump to a ghost?
How does the sun "unravel it"?

MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB, P. 164

Read the lines that give you a picture of the old bear and the young cubs.
Tell about the den which was Mishook's first home.
How do bears live in winter without eating?
Tell the incident connected with finding the raspberries.
Tell the story of the cubs' climbing a tree.
Tell about the new den for the winter home.
How did Thomas locate the den?
In what way did the hunters get the bear to come out of the den?
What became of Mishook? Of the other cubs?
What led to his return to the forest?
"The very forest"—the same forest. Give a sentence in which you use "very" with a different meaning.
Why do you think Mishook soon felt at home there?
"Human being"—man, woman, or child.

THE MONTHS, P. 176

"Fulfilled my day"—completed my work or task.
"An arouse"—an alarm; an awakening.
"Through the world's wide house"—throughout the world.
"Yet the violet is born," etc.—as I leave, the violet springs up.
"To round your young May moon"—to complete; to fill out.
"Has not a fellow"—not an equal.
"Hard upon"—close upon.
"Men are brethren of each other"—belong to the human family;
"One in flesh, etc."—alike in flesh and food; men are "foster-brothers to the folk in fur or feather" (animals or birds) since they live upon the earth together, and all alike need food and shelter.
"Breast the wind and weather"—to struggle against.
"I note you"—I take notice of.

BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE, P. 191

How did King Hrothgar show his love for his warriors?
What did he say to them when they first gathered in the hall?
"Waste lands"—a wilderness.
Who told Beowulf the story of Hrothgar and Grendel?
What did Beowulf decide to do?
How did Hrothgar receive him?
How did the king show his gratitude to Beowulf?
How did Beowulf fight the second monster?
To whom did Beowulf give the beautiful presents which he had received?
What great trouble came upon the Goths after Beowulf had reigned many years?
How did Beowulf save his people?
Read Beowulf's last words to Wiglaf.

SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR, P. 210

What did Regin teach Sigurd?
What did King Alf say Regin must not teach Sigurd?
Why did Sigurd promise to kill the dragon?
Where did Sigurd find a sword?
What was the wonderful thing which happened after Sigurd killed the dragon?
How did Sigurd pass through the wall of fire?
How did he wake Brunhild?

ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT, P. 229

Where did Roland live when he was a little boy?
Who was Roland's best friend?
Where did Roland live after he left the hillside?
When did he again meet Oliver?
Why did the Saracens hate Roland?
What wicked plan did Ganelon make?
Why did not Roland blow his horn when he first saw the enemy?

A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD, P. 253

What plan had Franklin for the return of the loan?
"Discharge the debt"—repay the kindness.
How could a "knave" spoil the plan?
What do you think of the plan?
A "trick" is a sly way of doing things; to be "cunning" is to be sly. Would the world be better if there were more such "tricks for doing good"?

A FABLE, P. 256

What reason do you think the mountain had for calling the squirrel a prig?

"You are doubtless very big," etc.—"Big" things alone are not enough to make up the whole world; it takes "all sorts of things."

"Sphere"—the world.

In what three ways does the squirrel claim to be greater than the mountain?

What two lines show that the squirrel is "poking fun" at the mountain?

"Wisely put"—wisely planned.

What do you think of Bun's argument?

THE DROVERS, P. 258

"There's life alone," etc.—The only life worth living is, etc.

Do you find that satisfying "rest" comes only after you have been "striving"?

Whom does the poet mean by "comrades mine"?

What picture does the fourth stanza make you see?

Why does the poet call the drove "stately"?

With what does Whittier compare the horns of the cattle?

What picture do the seventh and eighth stanzas make you see?

What does the word "anon" add to the meaning of the seventh stanza?

What does the poet mean by the expression, "the baffled truants rally"?

What evening music is mentioned in the first two lines of page 260?

Have you ever seen the moon when it looked as though it were "reaping" the mist that hung over a field or meadow?

"Our charge"—the drove that is in our keeping.

What tells you that the drovers will start early the next morning?

"The ears of home"—the ears of the wife and the children.

Do you like this poem? Why?

THE FISHERMEN, P. 261

Who is talking in this poem?

What are "seaward" breezes?

Why do the fishermen say "lubber" landsmen?

Find another name given the landsmen in this poem.

What do you see in the illustration on page 261 that shows how "the breath of heaven" speeds the ship?

Change the order of the words in the first two lines of stanza three to make the sense clearer.

"Change and chances of the ocean and the sky"—the risks due to sudden storms at sea.

The poet likens the sea to a field of grain, the "scaly tribes" to the grain harvested.

"Working out our lot"—working faithfully on the task that is set before us.

What words in *The Drovers* mean the same thing?

What is a fisherman's "reel"?

"Whistle down the wild wind"—to shout and sing and make merry.

"Freshening"—blowing stronger and stronger.

Why do the fishermen call the earth "dull"?

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH, P. 263

Why did Whittier like the brook?
"Much given to hunting"—spending much time in hunting.
How did Whittier and his brother earn their "fishing excursions"?
What quality must a fisherman have? Why?
What lesson did the boy learn from the fish that he did not catch?

HIAWATHA'S FISHING, P. 269

Gitche Gumee is the Indian name for Lake Superior. It means "Big-Sea-Water." Why is that a good name?
The aim of the Indian boy was to be brave and strong, a great hunter, fisher, and warrior. How does this help to explain why Hiawatha was so happy as he went "all alone" to catch the sturgeon? Was he really "all alone"?
To what is the perch compared? The craw-fish?
What do you learn of the sturgeon from the description of him?
What fish first took the bait?
Why was the sturgeon so sure that Hiawatha must be a boaster?
How did the sturgeon prove his great size and strength?
How did Hiawatha overcome the sturgeon?
What qualities did Hiawatha show in his battle with the sturgeon?

Gĭt'-chē	Gū'-mēē
Mĭsh'-ē	Shaw-ga-shēē'
Ad-jĭ-dau'-mō	Măs-kĕn-ō'-zha
U-gūd-wash'	Kāy-ŏshk'

Nah'-ma (a as in arm)
Sah'-wa (a as in arm)

THE SUNKEN TREASURE, P. 277

This story is from a book for children called "Grandfather's Chair." In this book Hawthorne told many interesting stories of the people who had owned a certain chair, brought from England in the days of the Puritans. Sir William Phips was one of the owners. "Grandfather" is supposed to own the chair and to tell the stories to his grandchildren.
What good qualities had Sir William Phips which gave him confidence in himself?
How does the story of the finding of the treasure show that Phips was hard-working? That he liked to plan and do difficult things?

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER, P. 284

Read lines that tell what kind of old people Baucis and Philemon were.
Read lines that tell what kind of persons the villagers were.
Read lines that tell what kind of persons the travelers were.
"Pronounced him" (page 290)—said that he believed him to be, etc.
What was peculiar about the staff?
In what way was the pitcher miraculous?
What reward did Baucis and Philemon receive for their kindness?
What punishment came to the villagers?
Who wrote this story? In what book is it found?

WORD LIST

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED VOWELS.

ā as in *āte*	ē as in *ēve*	ī as in *pīn*	ō as in *ōr*	ū as in *tūrn*
ă as in *băt*	ĕ as in *mĕt*	ō as in *nōte*	ū as in *ūse*	o͝o as in *fo͝od*
â as in *câre*	ĭ as in *kĭnd*	ŏ as in *nŏt*	ŭ as in *cŭt*	o͝o as in *fo͝ot*

a-broad' (brôd), in foreign lands.
a-bŭn'dance (dăns), plenty.
ac-ci-den'tal-ly (ăk-sĭ-dĕn'tăl-ĭ), by chance.
ac - cord'ing - ly (ă - kôrd'ing - lĭ), hence; consequently.
ac-count' (ă-kount'), to make report.
ac-cuse' (ă-kūz'), to blame; to charge with a fault.
ac-cus'tomed (ă-kŭs'tŭmd), made familiar with.
a-chieve'mĕnt (chēv), a great deed; something accomplished by courage.
ac-quire' (ă-kwīr'), to gain.
ad - mit'tance (ăd - mĭt'ăns), entrance; permit to enter.
a-dŏpt', to take or receive as one's own.
a-dorn' (a-dôrn'), to make pleasing; to make beautiful.
ăd-van'tage (taj), benefit.
ăd-vĕn'tur-ers, those who attempt dangerous undertakings.
adze (ădz), a cutting tool used to trim off the surface of wood.
a-gasp'ing, panting with heat.
ā'ged (jĕd), old.
a-glow' (glō'), glowing; having warmth and color.
ag'o-ny (ăg'o-nĭ), great pain
a-greed' (grēd'), willing.
ā'gue (gū), a fever accompanied by chills.
Al-a-ba'ma.
Al-gier' (ăl-jēr').
al'ma-nac (ôl'ma-năk), a book containing a calendar of days, weeks, and months.
a-măln' (mān), with full force.
a-măz'ing, astonishing.
ăm'ber, yellow.
am-mu-ni'tion (ăm - u - nĭsh ' ŭn), powder and balls.
am'ple (ăm'p'l), large; roomy.
an'chored (kerd), fastened by a weight.
ān'cient (shēnt), very old.
a-nĕm'o-ne, an early spring flower, white, pink, or pale purple.
a-nŏn', at another time; at once.
an-tic'i-pate (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-pāt), to take before the proper time.
ăn'vil (vĭl), a block of iron on which metal is shaped by hammering.
a-pol'o-gy (a-pŏl'o-jĭ), excuse; explanation.
ap-peal'ing-ly (ă-pēl'), as if to ask aid or sympathy.
ap-pli-ca'tion (ăp-lĭ-kā'shŭn), use.
ap-point'ed (ă-point'ĕd), named for the office of.
ap-pren'tice (ă-prĕn'tĭs), to agree to serve another for a certain time.
ar'bor (ber), a shelter of vines woven together.
arch'bĭsh'op (ŭp), a chief bishop.
ar'gu-mĕnts, discussions.
ar-til'ler-y (ar-tĭl'er-ĭ), that branch of the army which fights with mounted guns.
as-cend'ed (ă-sĕnd'ĕd), went up; arose.
ăs'pĕct, appearance; look.
as-sem'ble (ă-sĕm'b'l), to bring or come together.
as-sumed' (ă-sūmd'), taken up; undertaken.
as-sur'ance (ă-shō͝or'ăns), act of making another certain of something.
ăs-tŏn'ished (ĭsht), surprised.
ăs-tŏn'ish-mĕnt, wonder; surprise.
a-stray' (strā), out of the right way; wandering.
ăth-lĕt'ic (ĭk), strong; muscular.
at-tached' (ă-tăcht'), fastened.
au'thor (ô'ther), one who writes a book or a story.
au-to-bi-og'ra-phy (ô-to-bī-ŏg'ra-fĭ), story of a person's life written by himself.
au'tumn (ô'tŭm), the fall season.
a-ware' (a-wâr'), informed.
az'ure (ăzh'ur), sky-blue.

băch'e-lor (ler), an unmarried man.
baf'fled (băf'l'd), checked; turned.
bail (bāl), to dip water from.
bait (bāt), to attract by offering food.
bale (bāl), a large bundle.
balm (bam, a as in bark), a fragrant herb or a fir.
bark (a as in far), a ship.
bas-soon' (bă-sō͝on'), a bass tone of voice.
Bau'cis (bô'sĭs).
Ba-vā'rĭ-a.
bea'ver (bē'ver), a water animal valued for its fur.

bĕok'on ('n), to invite by a motion of the hand.
beech'en (bēch''n), made of beech logs.
Be'o-wulf (bā'o-wo͝olf).
be-times' (tīmz'), early; in good time; before it is late.
be-wil'dered (derd), confused; perplexed.
be-witched' (wĭcht), enchanted; charmed.
bid'den ('n), invited.
bil'low (ō), a wave.
bin, a box for holding corn, etc.
bi-og'ra-phy (bī-ŏg'ra-fĭ), the written history of a person's life.
blast, a gust; a stream of air.
blithe (blīth), glad; cheerful.
blood'shĕd (blŭd), the taking of life as in war or murder.
blŏs'som (ŭm), flower; bloom.
bluff, rough; abrupt.
boast'ful (bōst), self-praising.
bōl'ster, a bar above the axle of a wagon.
Boones'bor-ough (bo͝ons'bŭr-ō).
borne (bōrn), endured patiently.
bound'ed, moved with a sudden leap or leaps; bordered.
bow'er (bou), a shelter in a garden made with boughs of trees and vines.
Bra-bănt'.
brac'y (brās'ĭ), giving strength; bracing.
Brah'măn (bra, a as in arm), a native of Hindustan who belongs to the highest class.
brăv'ing, meeting with courage; withstanding.
breast'work (brĕst'wûrk), a protecting wall, hastily built up.
brĕd, brought up; trained.
breech'es (brĭch'ĕz), trousers; pantaloons.
breeze (brēz), a gentle wind.
brew (bro͞o), to prepare beer or other liquor.
bric'a-brac (brĭk'a-brăk), curious articles; artistic objects.
brin'dle (brĭn'd'l), having dark streaks or spots.
brĭnk, edge; bank.
brisk'ly (lĭ), nimbly.
brood (bro͞od), the young birds hatched or cared for at one time.
bru'ĭn (bro͞o), bear.
bruised (bro͞ozd), injured by a blow.
Brun'hild (bro͞on'hĭlt).
brŭsh'wood, small branches of trees.
buc-ca-neer'ing (bŭk-a-nēr'ing), robbing as a pirate.
bul'lion (bo͝ol'yŭn), gold or silver in mass before it is coined into money.
bur'nished (bûr'nisht), polished; brightened.
busi'ness (bĭz'nĕs), that which one has to do; mission.
căb'ĭn, a small house; a hut.
calm (kam, a as in arm), quiet.
ca-na'ry (ka-nā'rĭ), pepper grass or canary grass.
cane'brake (kān'brāk), a thick growth of the giant cane.
cap-tiv'i-ty (kăp-tĭv'ĭ-tĭ), imprisonment.
căp'tŏr, one who captures any person or thing.
ca-rĕss', an expression of affection.
car'gō, the load carried by a ship.
Car-o-lī'na (kăr-o-lī'na).
car'rot (kăr'ŭt), a vegetable.
car'ry-log (kăr'ĭ-log), a two-wheeled cart used for hauling logs.
cās-cade' (kād), a fall as of water over a precipice; a flow.
cat'kin (kăt'kĭn), the flower of the willow, poplar, and some other trees, named from its resemblance to a cat's tail.
cau'tion (kô'shŭn), warning
cau'tious-ly (kô'shŭs-lĭ), with care.
cav'al-ry (kăv'ăl-rĭ), that part of an army which serves on horseback.
căv'ern, a large cave.
ceil'ing (sēl'), the overhead finish of a room.
cĕn'tu-ry, one hundred years.
chan'dler, maker or seller of candles.
chăn'nel (ĕl), the deeper part of a river where the main current flows.
chăn'ti-cleer (klēr), a rooster.
char'coal (kōl), coal made by burning or charring wood.
Char'le-magne (shar'le-mān), Charles the Great, a powerful ruler of western Europe.
charm, to please greatly.
Chĭl-ĭ-coth'e (chĭl-ĭ-kŏth'e).
chĭm'ney (nĭ), an upright flue for carrying off the smoke, usually extending above the roof.
chip'mŭnk, a ground squirrel.
chĭr'ruped (ŭpt), chirped.
chub'by (chŭb'ĭ), plump and round.
cĭr'cling (sûr'kling), moving in a circle.
cĭr'cu-lar (sûr'ku-lar), in the form of a circle; round.
cĭr'cum-stanc-es (sûr'kŭm-stăn-sĕz), happenings; incidents.
clam'or (klăm'er), noises; shouts.
clăm'or-ous (er-ŭs), calling loudly.
clar'ĭ-on (klăr'ĭ-ŭn), clear tones; trumpet.
clev'er (klĕv'), quick-witted; talented; smart.
clĭff, a high, steep hill.
clus'ter-ing (klŭs'), hanging in groups; clusters.
cock-a-hoop' (hō͞op'), boastful.
col'o-ny (kŏl'o-nĭ), a settlement.
cŏm-bined' (bīnd), joined; united.

com'mon-ly (ŭn), usually; generally.
com-pan'ion (yŭn), a comrade.
com'pa-ny (kŭm), a group of persons.
cŏm'rade (răd), companion.
con-ceit'ed (kŏn-sēt'), proud; vain.
cŏn-clude' (klōōd), to realize.
cŏn'fi-dence (dĕns), trust, belief.
con-geal' (kŏn-jēl'), to become solid; to freeze.
Cŏn'grĕss, the law-making body of the United States.
con'quer (kŏn'ker), to overpower.
cŏn'scious (shŭs), having knowledge of; aware.
con'se-quence (kŏn'se-kwĕns), result; effect.
con-sid'er-able (kŏn-sĭd'er-a-b'l), rather long; large
cŏn'sŭl, an official appointed by a government to live in some foreign country to care for its citizens in that country.
con-tempt'i-ble (kŏn-tĕmp'tĭ-b'l), mean; low.
cŏn-tĕnd', to struggle; to fight.
Cŏn-ti-nĕn'tăl, of or belonging to the colonies at the time of the Revolutionary War.
con-tin'ued (ūd), went on.
cŏn-trĭv'ance (ăns), plan; device.
con-ven'lence (kŏn-vēn'yĕns), personal ease.
con-ver-sa'tion (kŏn-vûr-sā'shŭn), talk; discussion.
cŏn-vince' (vĭns), to satisfy by proof.
cord'age (kôr'daj), ropes or cords.
Corn-wal'lis (kôrn-wŏl'ĭs).
cor'po-ral (kôr'po-răl), an officer next below a sergeant.
corps (kôr), a division of the army.
cour'age (kŭr'aj), bravery; daring.
cours'ing (kôrs'ing), running.
court (kōrt), an open space inclosed by buildings; a royal palace.
crack'ling (krăk'), making sharp cracks or reports.
creak (krēk), to make a sharp grating sound; to squeak.
crĕst, a tuft of feathers upon the head of a bird.
crev'ice (krĕv'ĭs), a narrow opening.
crō'cus (kŭs), an early spring flower.
cross'saw (kros'sô), a long saw that cuts across a large log.
cruise (krōōz), to sail to and fro.
cuck'oo (kōōk'ōō), a bird noted for its whistle, from which it is named.
cud'dled (kŭd'"d), nestled.
cup'board (kŭb'erd), a piece of furniture to hold dishes.
cu'ri-ous (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange.
cur-mudg'eon (kŭr-mŭj'ŭn), a miser.
cur'rent (kŭr'ĕnt), a stream or the swiftest part of a stream.
cŭs'tom (tŭm), habit.
daf'fo-dil (dăf'o-dĭl), a kind of yellow flower.
dahl'ia (dăl'ya), a plant which blooms in late summer or fall.
dain'ties (dān'tĭz), choice foods.
dăm'son (z'n), a small purple plum.
Dane (dān), a native of Denmark.
dark'some (sŭm), dark; gloomy.
dawn (dôn), the first appearance of light in the morning.
dazed (dāzd), confused; bewildered.
dăz'zling (lĭng), very bright.
de-ceit' (sēt), trickery; falsity.
dĕck, to dress; to clothe; to adorn; the floorlike platform of a ship.
de-feat' (fēt), loss of a battle.
de-fĕnd', to protect.
de-li'cious (lĭsh'ŭs), pleasing to the smell or taste.
dense (dĕns), thick; heavy.
de-part' (a as in **arm**), to go away; to leave.
de-pĕnd'ĕd, trusted.
de-ri'sion (rizh'ŭn), scorn; mockery
de-sert'ed (de-zûrt'ed), left alone.
dĕs'per-ate (at), dangerous; without regard to safety.
de-spise' (spīz), to look down upon; to scorn.
de-strŭc'tion (shŭn), ruin; downfall.
de-ter'mined (tûr'mĭnd), resolute; decided.
de-vōt'ĕd, loving.
dil'i-gent-ly (dĭl'ĭ-gĕnt-lĭ), busily; industriously.
dĭm'pled (p'ld), marked with a dent or hollow.
din'gy (dĭn'jĭ), soiled; dark.
di-rec'tion (dĭ-rĕk'shŭn), direct line or course.
dis-ap-peared' (ă-pērd'), passed out of sight.
dis-ap-point'mĕnt (ă-point'), failure to get what is expected.
dis-clos'es (klōz'ĕz), brings into view.
dis'măl (dĭz), gloomy; cheerless.
dis-plāy', to show.
dis-pute' (pūt), argument; quarrel.
dĭ-vine' (vīn), heavenly; holy.
dole (dōl), to give out in small portions.
do-mes'tic (do-mĕs'tĭk), belonging to the home.
doubt (dout), to be uncertain.
draught (draft, a as in **ask**), a drink.
drear (drēr), gloomy.
droop'ing (drōōp), bending.
drove (drōv), a number of cattle, sheep, etc., driven in a body.
drō'ver, one who drives sheep, hogs, or cattle to market.
drowse (drouz), doze; light sleep.
duc'at (dŭk'ăt), a gold coin worth a little more than two dollars.
dŭll'ĕst, most uninteresting.
dŭn, yellowish or grayish brown color.

earth'en-ware (ûr'th'n-wâr), vessels made of baked clay.
earth'quake (kwāk), a shaking or trembling of the earth's surface.
Eb-ĕn-ē'zer Scrooge (skrōōj).
ed'dy (ĕd'ĭ), to whirl.
ĕd'ĭ-tor (ter), one who directs the policy of a paper.
eel (ēl), a snake-like fish used for food.
ef-fect' (ĕ-fĕkt), influence; result.
eke (ēk), to add to.
ĕl'der-bloom (blōōm), clusters of white or pink flowers of the elder.
ĕm-bark', to go on board a vessel or a raft for a voyage.
ĕm'ber, a lighted coal smoldering in ashes.
ĕm-brace' (brās), to clasp; to inclose.
ĕm'pha-sĭs (fa), force of voice given to certain words.
ĕm-ploy'ment, occupation.
ĕn-ăm'ĕl, a smooth, glossy substance placed upon metal, glass, or pottery for ornament or protection.
en-deav'or (ĕn-dĕv'er), to try; to attempt.
ĕn-dure' (dūr), to bear; to remain firm under suffering.
ĕn-gŭlf', to swallow up.
ĕn-rĭch', to make fertile, as soil.
ĕn'sign (sĭn), an officer who carries the flag of the company.
ĕn-tice' (tĭs), to attract.
en-treat'y (ĕn-trēt'ĭ), request; prayer.
ere (âr), before.
e-rĕct', upright; straight.
es'say (ĕs'ā), a short literary composition.
es'tĭ-mate (ĕs'tĭ-māt), to fix the value; to judge.
e-vĕnt', incident.
ex-ceed'ing-ly (ĕk-sēd), extremely.
ex-cla-ma'tion (ĕks-kla-mā'shŭn), a sharp expression of strong feeling.
ex-cur'sion (ĕks-kûr'shŭn), a trip; a ramble.
ex-haust' (ĕg-zôst'), to tire out.
ex-ĭst'ence (ĕg-zĭs'tĕns), life.
ex'it (ĕk'sĭt), departure of a player from the stage.
ex-pē'rĭ-ĕnce (ĕks), knowledge gained by actual trial.
ex-pĕr'ĭ-mĕnt (ĕks), a trial.
ex-plore' (ĕks-plōr'), to examine thoroughly.
ex'qui-site-ly (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt-lĭ), delicately; excellently.
ex-ult'ing (ĕg-zŭlt'ing), rejoicing.

făg'ot (ŭt), a bundle of sticks used for fuel.
faint'er (fān'ter), less distinct.
făl'low (ō), land left uncultivated after plowing.
fa-mĭl'iar (yar), tame.
fā'mous (mŭs), celebrated; known for good work.
fare (fâr), to go forth.
fas'cĭ-nāt-ing (făs'ĭ-), attractive; charming.
fa-tigue' (fa-tēg'), weariness.
fa'vor-a-ble (fā'ver-a-b'l), advantageous.
feat (fēt), a great deed.
fee'bly (fē'blĭ), weakly.
felled (fĕld), cut down.
fer'tile (fûr'tĭl), productive; rich.
fetch (fĕch), to get.
fĭ'bre (ber), a thread.
fife (fīf), a small shrill pipe used to accompany the drum.
file off, to step off to right and left sides in single file.
flĭm, a thin skin.
flăg, the yellow or blue iris.
flăg'on (ŭn), a vessel for liquor, usually with a handle and spout.
flaunt (flant, a as in arm), to wave or flutter.
flaw (flō), a crack or break; a fault.
fleece (flēs), the coat of wool that covers a sheep.
Flĕm'ĭsh, belonging to Flanders, in northern Belgium.
flint'y (flĭn'tĭ), hard.
flō'rĕt, one of the small, single flowers which make up the head of a daisy or dandelion.
flŏr'ĭn, an Austrian coin worth about forty-eight cents.
fō'lĭ-age (aj), mass of leaves; clusters of leaves.
fore'fa-ther (fōr'fa-ther), ancestor.
fŏr'ĕst, a large tract of land covered with trees; a woods.
fŏr'ĕst-er, one who has charge of a forest.
fore-tōld' (fōr), predicted.
forge (fōrj), a furnace where iron is heated.
fōr-gĭv'ing, granting pardon.
for'tĭ-fied (fīd), strengthened; defended.
fŏs'ter broth'er (brŭth), one brought up as a brother, though not related.
foun'der, to become lame or crippled.
frag'ile (frăj-ĭl), easily broken.
frā'grănt, sweet-smelling.
frail (frāl), easily broken; weak.
frame (frām), bodily structure.
franc (frănk), a French coin worth about twenty cents.
frē'quent-ly (kwĕnt-lĭ), often.
frĕsh'ĕt, a flood.
frĕt'work, ornamental open work.
frisk, to leap as in a frolic.
fru'gal (frōō'găl), not abundant; sparing.
fū'ĕl, that which feeds fire.
fu'ry (fū'rĭ), rage; violent anger.
fu'ture (fū'tur), in time to come.

gale (gāl), a strong wind.
gal'le-on (găl'e-ŭn), a large sailing vessel, used long ago.
găl'loped (ŭpt), to ride at full speed.
game (gām), animals which are taken in hunting.
Ga-ne-lon' (ga-n'-lŏn').
gar'ment, an article of clothing.
gar'ri-son (găr'ĭ-s'n), a body of troops stationed in a fort.
gasp (a as in ask), to catch the breath suddenly or violently.
ge-loo'rĭ.
gen-er-a'tion (jĕn-er-ā'shŭn), the average life-time of man.
ge'nĭ-ăl (jē), cheerful; kindly.
Geor'gi-a (jôr'jĭ-a).
ges'ture (jĕs'tur), a motion of the body or limbs to express feeling.
gill (gĭl), organ for breathing under water.
glare (glâr), a bright, dazzling light.
glimpse (glĭmps), a short, hurried view; a faint idea.
glis'ten (glĭs''n), to sparkle; to shine.
gloom (glōōm), darkness; thick shade.
glō'ried (rĭd), noble.
glō'rĭ-fied (fīd), made glorious; honored.
glō'rĭ-ous (ŭs), splendid; noble; grand.
glow (glō), to become excited; to shine with white heat.
gnawed (nōd), bit repeatedly.
good'ly (gōōd'lĭ), large; considerable.
good'măn, the master of the house.
Goths, a people who lived in northern Germany and southern Sweden.
gov'ern-mĕnt (gŭv'), country.
gov'er-nor (ner), ruler.
grace (grās), attractiveness; beautiful movements.
grăd'u-ăl-ly, by slow changes.
grăn-dee' (dē), a nobleman of the highest rank in Spain.
grate (grāt), to scrape; to scratch.
grāt'ed, protected by cross-bars.
grate'ful (grāt'fool), thankful; pleasing.
graze (grāz), to eat grass.
greet (grēt), to address courteously; to pay respects to.
grid'ĭ-ron (grid'ĭ-ŭrn), a grated iron utensil for broiling meats.
grieve (grēv), to sorrow; to lament.
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), hard to bear.
grope (grōp), to feel one's way with the hands when one cannot see.
guest (gĕst), a person entertained.
guid'ance (gīd'ăns), direction; leading.
gui'don (gĭ'dŭn), a flag or streamer.
gur'gle (gûr'g'l), to flow in a broken, irregular, noisy current.

hăck'le ('l), to comb out flax.
hail (hāl), to call loudly to.
hand'i-work (hăn'dĭ-wûrk), work done by the hands.
hare'bĕll (hâr), a blue flower sometimes called bluebell.
hăs'sock (ŭk), a tuft of grass.
hast'i-ly (hās'tĭ-lĭ), quickly.
haugh'ty (hô'tĭ), proud.
hauled (hôld), drawn; pulled.
haunt (hant, a as in arm), feeding place; a place to which one often goes.
haw'thorn (hô'thôrn), a shrub or tree having white or pink sweet-smelling flowers.
Haw'thorne (hô'thôrn).
hā'zel (z'l), a shrub or small tree.
heave (hēv), to lift; to raise.
helf'er (hĕf), a young cow.
hĕm'lock (lŏk), an evergreen tree.
herb (ûrb), plant whose stems are used for food or medicine, as peppermint.
here-aft'er (hēr-aft'er), after this time.
here-with' (hēr-with'), with this.
he-ro'ic (he-rō'ĭk), brave; noble.
hew (hū), to cut by blows with an axe.
Hi-a-wa'tha (hĭ-a-wō'tha).
hilt, the handle of a sword.
Hirsh'vog-el (vō-g'l).
his-tor'i-cal (his-tŏr'ĭ-kăl), making history; famous in history.
hith-er-to' (hĭth-er-tōō'), up to this time.
hive bee (hīv bē), the honeybee.
hoar'frost (hōr), white frost.
hŏb, a shelf on the side of an open fireplace, on which a pot or kettle may be placed to keep warm.
hob'ble ('l), to walk lame; to limp.
home'ward (hōm'werd), going toward home.
hom'i-ny (hŏm'ĭ-nĭ), corn ground small.
hon'ey-comb (hŭn'ĭ-kōm), a mass of wax cells built by bees, filled with honey.
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-ta-b'l), generous; kind; friendly.
hos-pi-tal'i-ty (hŏs-pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), kind and generous entertainment of guests.
hōst'ess, a woman who entertains guests.
hŏv'ĕl, a poor cottage.
Hroth'gar (hrŏth'gar).
hŭd'dle ('l), to crowd together.
hue (hū), color; tint.
hŭm'ble (b'l), lowly; unpretending.
hŭm'bŭg, deception; sham.
hu-mil'i-ty (hu-mĭl'ĭ-tĭ), modesty; freedom from pride.
hurl, to throw with violence.
husk'y (hŭs'kĭ), harsh; hoarse.
hymn (hĭm), a song of praise.

I'ci-cle (ī'sĭ-k'l), mass of ice, formed by the freezing of dropping water.
ĭ-dē'a, a notion; belief; thought.
ĭll'-got-ten, obtained by wrong means.
ĭm-ag'ined (ĭm-ăj'ĭnd), supposed; guessed.
ĭm-ĭ-tā'tion (shŭn), that which is made to resemble something.
ĭm-mense' (mĕns), very great; vast.
ĭm-pa'tient-ly (ĭm-pā'shĕnt-lĭ), in a hurry to talk or to do something.
ĭm-press', to fix in the memory; to imprint.
ĭn'ci-dĕnt (sĭ), that which happens; an event.
ĭn-cli-na'tion (ĭn-klĭ-nā'shŭn), liking; desire.
ĭn-crease' (krēs), to make greater.
ĭn'dies (ĭn'dĭz).
ĭn-form', to tell; to notify.
ĭn-hăb'ĭt-ant (tănt), one who lives in a place.
ĭn'no-cent (ĭn'o-sĕnt), free from sin or guilt.
ĭn-quĭr'y (ĭn-kwĭr'ĭ), question; investigation.
ĭn-sĭst', to hold to something firmly; to persist.
ĭn-spire' (spīr), to fill the mind with that which uplifts.
ĭn-struc'tion (ĭn-strŭk'shŭn), direction.
ĭn-tĕl'lĭ-gence (ĭ-jĕns), the power of understanding.
ĭn-tense'ly (ĭn-tĕns'lĭ), in a high degree; greatly.
ĭn-ter-rupt'ed (ĭn-te-rŭpt'ĕd), broke in upon.
ĭn-vĕn'tion (shŭn), that which is invented or made for the first time.
ĭ'rĭs (ī'rĭs), a plant having large, handsome flowers of many colors; sometimes called "the flag."
ĭs'land (ī), a tract of land surrounded by water.
ĭsles (īlz), small islands.
ĭ'vo-ry (ī'vo-rĭ), the hard, white substance of which the elephant's tusks are composed.

jack'al (jăk'ôl), wild dog of Europe, Asia, and Africa.
Je-han' Daas (a as in **arm**).
jĕst, to joke.
jour'ney-cake (jûr'nĭ-kāk), a kind of bread made of Indian corn pounded into meal, with water.

ka'ty-did (kā'tĭ-dĭd), a large green insect which lives in trees.
Kear'sarge (kēr'sarj, a as in **arm**), a mountain in New Hampshire.
keel (kēl), timber extending from stem to stern along the center of the bottom of a boat.
keel'son (kĕl'sŭn), timbers above the keel, fastened to it by bolts.
keen (kēn), sharp; strong.
ker'nel (kûr'nĕl), grain.
knave (nāv), a rascal; a cheat.
knight (nīt), one who after service as page and squire was admitted to special military rank.
knock'er (nŏk'er), a kind of hammer hinged to a door, to knock with, used long ago instead of a door-bell.

lack (lăk), want; absence.
lād'en ('n), loaded.
La-fa-yette' (lă-fā-yĕt'), French general who helped the Americans in the Revolutionary War.
la-mĕnt', to sorrow; to mourn.
lance (lans), a weapon with long handle and sharp steel head.
lănd'mark, any object which marks a place or serves as a guide.
lăn'guage (gwaj), kinds of speech.
la-pĕl', the fold of the front of a coat.
lark'spur (spûr), a kind of plant having showy flowers.
lea (lē), pasture; meadow.
league (lēg), a measure of distance; three miles in some countries.
ledge (lĕj), a shelf or strip extending from the main wall.
lei'sure-ly (lē'zhur-lĭ), taking plenty of time; slowly.
leop'ard (lĕp'erd), a large and savage spotted cat of Asia and Africa.
like'wise (līk'wīz), also; in like manner.
lĭlt'ĭng, lively; cheerful.
lĭmb (lĭm), leg.
lĭn'net (ĕt), a common small finch; a singing bird.
lĭst'lĕss-ly (lĭ), carelessly; without spirit.
lĭt'ter (er), young animals.
lō'cust (kŭst), a tree with handsome white flowers.
lodge (lŏj), to place in a fixed position.
loft (o as in **soft**), an upper room; an attic.
loi'ter-ĭng, lagging behind.
loom (lōōm), a machine for weaving threads into cloth.
lou-is d'or' (lōō-ĭ dôr'), a French gold coin worth between four and five dollars.
low (lō), to moo, as a cow.
low'ly (lō'lĭ), humble.
loy'al (loi'ăl), faithful; true.
lŭb'ber (er), a clumsy or unskilled sailor; an awkward fellow.
lū'dĭ-crous (krŭs), comical; ridiculous.
lulled (lŭld), soothed; quieted; calmed.
lŭm'ber, to move heavily.
lū'mi-nous (nŭs), shining.
lŭs'ter, brightness; glitter.

măg-nĭf'ĭ-cent (sĕnt), great; glorious.
maize (māz), Indian corn.
ma-neu'ver (ma-nōō'ver), a skillful movement, as of an army.
măn'tle (t'l), a cloak; a loose, sleeveless garment.
mar'gin (mar'jĭn, a as in arm), edge; bank.
măr'ĭ-ner, a sailor; a seaman.
Mar-sĭl'ĭ-us (mar-sĭl'ĭ-ŭs).
mar'vĕl-ous (ŭs), wonderful.
mass, a large quantity or amount.
Mas'sa-soit (măs'a-soit), an Indian chief.
mas'sive (ĭv), heavy; bulky.
mătch'less, having no equal.
mătch'lŏck, a gun having an old form of lock containing a match for firing.
mā'tron (trŭn), a wife or widow.
mĕd'ĭ-cine (sĭn), any substance used in treating disease.
mel'o-dy (mĕl'o-dĭ), music; a sweet arrangement of sounds.
mere (mēr), nothing more than.
mĕr'rĭ-mĕnt (ĭ), fun; frolic; amusement.
mĭd'sum-mer (er), the middle of summer.
mi-gnon-ette' (mĭn-yŭn-ĕt'), a garden plant having sweet-scented greenish-white flowers.
mĭlch, giving milk.
mĭnk, a small animal valued for its fur.
mint, a plant used for flavoring; peppermint, spearmint, etc.
mi-rac'u-lous (mĭ-răk'u-lŭs), wonderful.
mis'chie-vous (chĭ-vŭs), roguish; troublesome.
mĭs-fôr'tune, ill luck; accident.
mis'sion (mĭsh'ŭn), service; business.
Mis-sis-sip'pi (mĭs-ĭ-sĭp'ĭ).
mist, fog; watery vapor in the air.
mŏd'ĕl, to form after something used for a copy or pattern.
mōld, that in which something is shaped.
mŏr'ăl, the meaning of the lesson taught.
môr'sĕl, a bite; a small piece.
môr'tĭ-fied (fīd), shamed; humiliated.
mo'tioned (mō'shŭnd), directed by a motion, as of the hand or head.
mow (mō), to cut down, as grass.
Mu'nich (mū'nĭk).
mur'mur (mûr'mŭr), to speak in a low voice.
mŭs'cu-lar, strong; powerful.
mu-se'um (mu-zē'ŭm), a collection of curiosities or works of art.
mŭsh'room (rōōm), a small plant used for food.
mŭs'kĕt, a gun; a firearm formerly carried by soldiers.
mus'ter-roll (rōl), a list of all the officers and men in a military body.
mū'tĭ-nous (nŭs), disobedient; rebellious.
mu'tĭ-ny (mū'tĭ-nĭ), refusal to obey proper authority.
mŭz'zle ('l), the jaws and nose of an animal.
myr'ĭ-ad (mĭr'ĭ-ăd), a great number.
mys-te'rĭ-ous (mĭs-tē'rĭ-ŭs), difficult or impossible to understand.

name'sake (nām'sāk), one named after another.
naugh'ty (nô'tĭ), roguish; mischievous.
na'vy (nā'vĭ), the war vessels of a nation.
Naymes (nāmz).
neigh'bor-hood (nā'ber-hŏŏd), a district or section.
nei'ther (nē'ther), nor yet.
neph'ew (nĕf'ū), the son of a brother or a sister.
nerv'ous-ly (nûr'vŭs-lĭ), in a timid, excited manner.
nes'tle (nĕs''l), to lie close and snug, as a bird in her nest.
nĕst'ling, a young bird that has not left the nest.
New Or'le-ans (nū ôr'le-ănz).
night'in-gale (nīt'ĭn-gāl), a bird of the thrush family noted for its sweet song, often heard at night.
none (nŭn), not any.
nōt'ĕd, well known; famous.
nought (nôt), nothing.
Nū'rĕm-berg (bûrg).

oath (ōth), a careless use of God's name; a calling upon God to hear one speak the truth.
o-bē'dĭ-ĕnt, willing to obey.
O-bī'ŏn.
ō-blīged' (blījd), forced.
ŏb-scūre' (skūr), humble; unknown.
ŏb-serve' (zûrv), to remark.
oc-ca'sion (ŏ-kā'zhŭn), a time; a season; a happening.
o'dor (ō'der), smell; scent.
of'ten (of''n), frequently.
op-por-tu'nĭ-ty (ŏp-ŏr-tū'nĭ-tĭ), convenient time.
op-pose' (ŏ-pōz'), to argue against.
or'gan-ize (ôr'găn-īz), to get into working order.
ō'rĭ-ole (ōl), a small black and yellow bird.
ôr-na-mĕn'tăl, adorning; beautifying.
ought (ôt), should.
out-right' (rīt), aloud.
out-wit', to get the better of by cunning.
ō-ver-took' (tŏŏk), caught up with.
ō-ver-whĕlm' (hwĕlm), to cover over completely; to crush; to overpower.

pace (pās), the length of a step.
pag'eant (păj'ĕnt), a play.
pale (pāl), a fence.
păl'ette (ĕt), a thin board on which a painter mixes his colors.
pall (pôl), a cloak.
păn'ĕl, a thin, flat slab upon which a picture is painted.
parch (a as in **arm**), to become dry.
Păr'is.
par-tic'u-lar (par, a as in arm), individual.
pass, a passageway through a mountainous country.
pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), strong feeling.
pas'ture, a field for grazing.
pā'tience (shĕns), self control; willingness to wait.
Pa-trasche' (pa-trash').
pearled (pûrld), covered with pearls.
Penn-syl-va'ni-a (pĕn-sĭl-vā'nĭ-a).
pĕr'il, danger; risk.
per-plex'i-ty (per-plĕk'sĭ-tĭ), bewilderment; doubt.
per-sist'ence (tĕns), perseverance.
per'son-age (aj), a notable person.
per-suad'ĕd (swād'), influenced.
pew'ter (pū'ter), tin hardened with copper or other metal.
Phil-a-del'phi-a (fĭl-a-dĕl'fĭ-a).
Phi-le'mon (fĭ-lē'mŏn).
pick'er-ĕl, the smaller fish of the pike family.
pierced (pērst), filled with holes.
pierc'ing (pēr'sing), sharp; keen.
pike (pīk), a fresh-water fish.
pī-o-neer' (nēr'), one who first goes to explore a wilderness.
pipe (pīp), to play on a pipe or other wind instrument; to sing.
pi'rate, one who robs on the sea.
pit'e-ous (pĭt'e-ŭs), sad; pitiful.
plum'y (plōōm'ĭ), feathery.
plŭn'der, to take by force; to rob.
pŏl'len (ĕn), fine dust in seed plants.
pool (pōōl), a small body of water.
por'ce-lain (pôr'se-lan), fine china.
pōr'tăl, a door or gate.
pōr'tion (shŭn), to divide into shares.
pōst, the place at which a body of troops is stationed.
pōst'ĕd, stationed; placed.
pŏt'ter (er), one who makes earthen vessels.
pow'der-hôrn (pou'), a powder flask.
pre'cious (prĕsh'ŭs), of great value.
prig, a conceited person.
prim'rose (rōz), a common English flower.
Pris-cil'la (sĭl'a).
pro-ceed'ed (pro-sēd'ĕd), began.
pro-claim' (klām), to make known.
prŏg'rĕss, a moving forward.
prŏj'ect (ĕkt), an undertaking.
pro-ject' (pro-jĕkt', o as in **obey**), to extend forward.
pro-pos'al (pro-pōz'ăl), suggestion; plan.
prŏs-pĕr'ĭ-ty, success; good fortune.
pro-test' (pro-tĕst'), to declare against something.
prŏv'erb, a short sentence expressing practical wisdom.
prŏv'ince (ĭns), a colony dependent upon another country; a district.
pŭmp'kĭn, the gourd-like fruit of a vine; made of pumpkin.
pŭz'zled ('ld), bewildered.
pyr'a-mid (pĭr'a-mĭd), a structure built up from a square base so as to come to a point at the top.

quaff (kwaf, a as in **ask**), to drink.
quăg'mire (mīr), soft, wet land.
quaint (kwānt), curious; fanciful.
quake (kwāk), to shake; to quiver.
quar'ter (kwôr'ter), direction; point; place of lodging of soldiers.
quĕnch, to satisfy; to cool.
quĭv'er, to quake; to tremble.
quōth, said; spoke.

rā'dĭ-ance (ăns), brightness.
răg'a-mŭf-fin (ĭn), a ragged fellow.
răn'som (sŭm), money paid for the release of a prisoner.
rasp'ber-ry (răz'bĕr-ĭ), a fruit.
rā'tion (shŭn), an allowance of food.
ra'ven (rā'v'n), a glossy black bird, larger than the crow.
ra-vine' (ra-vēn'), a depression worn out by running water.
re-al'i-ty (re-ăl'ĭ-tĭ), something not imaginary.
realm (rĕlm), a country; a kingdom.
reap (rēp), to cut, as with a sickle.
rē-ar-range' (ā-rānj'), to put back in place.
reck'on (rĕk"n), to think; to suppose.
rec'og-nize (rĕk'ŏg-nīz), to know again.
re-col-lect' (rĕk-ŏ-lĕkt'), call to mind; remember.
re-cruit' (re-krōōt'), a newly enlisted soldier.
reef (rēf), rocks or a ridge of sand near the surface of the water.
reel (rēl), something upon which thread, yarn or fish line is wound.
reel, to whirl round; to sway dizzily.
re-frain' (frān), a chorus; a verse or phrase which occurs at the end of each stanza.
re-gain' (gān), to recover.
re-gard', to care for; to consider.
reg'ĭ-mĕnt (rĕj), a body of soldiers.
rē'gion (jŭn), section of the country.
reigned (rānd), ruled.
rĕl'ish, to like the taste of.
rĕm'nant, that which remains.
re-mote' (mōt), far away; slight.
rĕnd, to tear.
re-new' (nū), to begin again.
re-pōrt', an explosive noise.
re-pose' (pōz), rest; quiet.
re-prove' (prōōv), to rebuke.

rĕs'cue (kū), to save.
re-solve' (zŏlv), determination.
re-spŏnd', to answer.
re-tire' (tīr), to step back.
Rĕv-o-lu'tion-a-ry (lū'shŭn).
rheu'ma-tism (rōō'ma-tĭz'm), a disease.
rick'et-y (rĭk'ĕt-ĭ), tottering; shaky.
ri-dic'u-lous (rĭ-dĭk'u-lŭs), comical; laughable; absurd.
rift, an opening.
right'eous (rī'chŭs), upright; holy.
rill, a small brook.
rī'ot-er (ŭt), one who attacks the property of another.
rip'ple ('l), to break into waves; a small wave.
riv'ú-lĕt, a small stream; a brook.
rōd, a measure of length, 16½ feet.
rogue (rōg), a dishonest person.
Rŏ'lănd.
Ro'sen-helm (rō'zĕn-hĭm).
Ru'bens (rōō'bĕnz), a Flemish painter.
rude (rōōd), impolite; rough.
rŭf'fles ('lz), pleats; folds as of a collar.
rŭg'ged (ĕd), rough; strong.
Rus'sian (rŭsh'ăn).

să'ble (b'l), dark; black.
sal'ly (săl'ĭ), to rush out.
săm'p, parched meal porridge.
săm'pler, a piece of needlework.
săp'ling, a young tree.
Sar'a-cen (sĕn), a Mohammedan.
Sa-ra-goss'a (gŏs').
sas'sa-fras (săs'a-frăs), a tree; oil made from the bark of the tree.
să'vor-y (ver-ĭ), sweet-tasting.
scal'y (skăl'ĭ), covered with scales.
scathe'less (skāth'lĕs), unharmed.
scent (sĕnt), odor; fragrance.
sci'ence (sī'ĕns), knowledge of facts.
scis'sors (sĭz'erz), a cutting instrument having two blades.
score (skōr), twenty.
scratch (skrăch), to scrape, as with the claws.
scrĭm'mage (aj), a confused fight.
sea'ward (sē'werd), toward the sea.
seized (sēzd), took possession of.
sĕn'tĭ-nĕl, a watch; a soldier set to guard a place.
sere (sēr), dry; withered.
Shi'va (shē'va), one of the gods worshiped by the Hindus.
shŏrn, deprived of.
shôrt-sight'ed (sīt'ĕd), not able to see far.
shoul'dered (shōl'derd), placed upon his shoulder.
shrĕds, strips.
shrewd (shrōōd), sharp-witted.
shrĭnk'ing, condition of growing smaller.
shŭt'tle ('l), an instrument used in weaving.
Sī-bē'rĭ-ăn, situated in Siberia, a country in northern Asia.
sĭck'le ('l), a curved metal blade with a handle.
sĭd'ing, the covering of the sides, as a wall or a ship.
Sieg'fried (sēg'frēd).
Si'gurd (zē'gōort).
sin'gu-lar, odd; remarkable.
sĭt-u-ā'tion (shŭn), condition.
six'pence (sĭks'pĕns), an English silver coin, worth about 12 cents.
skŭlk, to hide or get out of the way in a sneaking manner.
slough (slōō), place full of mud and water; a bog.
slŭg'gard (ard), a lazy person.
smĭth'y (ĭ), a blacksmith's shop.
smoth'ered (smŭth'erd), stifled; suffocated; deprived of air to breathe.
sniffed (snĭft), snuffed; drew in the breath through the nose noisily.
snow'drŏp (snō), a white flower.
soar (sōr), to fly high.
som'er-set (sŭm'er-sĕt), to turn end over end.
Spăn'iard (yard), a native of Spain.
sphere (sfēr), a globe; the world.
spĭr'ĭt-ĕd, lively; full of life.
spry (sprī), nimble; quick.
squad (skwŏd), a small group of soldiers.
Squan'to (skwŏn'tō).
squeezed (skwēzd), pressed.
stain (stān), spot.
stalk (stôk), the stem.
Starn'berg (bûrg, a as in arm).
state'ly (stāt'lĭ), dignified.
states'man (stāts), a man occupied with affairs of state.
stătˈure (ur), height or size.
steed (stēd), a spirited horse.
stern (stûrn), hard; severe; the rear end of a vessel.
stĭn'gy (jĭ), miserly.
straight'way (strāt), immediately.
strănd, to run aground.
s:rewn (strōōn), scattered about.
stŭb'ble ('l), stumps of grain left in the ground after reaping.
stŭd'ding (ing), joists.
stŭ'dĕnt, a learner.
stur'dy (stûr'dĭ), strong.
stur'geon (stûr'jŭn), a kind of fish.
sŭb-mĭt', to surrender; to yield.
suc-ceed'ed (sŭk-sēd'ĕd), followed.
suc-ces'sive (sŭk-sĕs'ĭv), following in order.
suf-fi'cient (sŭ-fĭsh'ĕnt), enough.
sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), top; highest point.
su-pe'rĭ-or (su-pē'rĭ-er), greater; above another in age or position.
sur-round' (sŭ-round'), to shut in; to circle about.
Su'tri (sōō'trē).
swăg'ger (ĕr), to walk with a conceited swing or strut.
swamp (swŏmp), marshy ground.

swarm (swôrm), a large number; a mass.
swerve (swûrv), to turn aside.
sym'pa-thy (sĭm'pa-thĭ), sorrow for one who suffers; tenderness.

tăl'ĕnt, ability; skill.
tar'ry (tăr'ĭ), to wait; to stay.
tăv'ern, an inn or hotel.
taw'ny (tô'nĭ), of a dull yellowish brown color.
teem'ing (tēm), full; overcrowded.
thence-for'ward (thĕns-fôr'werd), from that time forward.
Tho'reau (thō'rō), an American author and naturalist.
thrĕsh'ōld, a strip or board that lies under a door.
tick'lish (tĭk'lĭsh), requiring care.
tĭlt, to tip.
tĭm'id-ly, with fear or hesitation.
tinge (tĭnj), to color slightly.
tĭnt'ed, colored.
toĭl, to work hard.
tŏm'a-hawk (hôk), a light ax used as a weapon by the Indians.
tomb (tōōm), a grave.
tŏp'ple ('l), to throw down.
tor'ture (tôr'tur), great pain.
tŏt'ter (er), to walk or stand unsteadily.
town meet'ing, a meeting to transact the business of the town.
trace (trās), to follow the course of.
trăct, a large piece of land.
trail (trāl), a mark or track left by something that has passed.
trăn'quil (kwĭl), quiet; calm.
trăns-par'ĕnt (pâr), clear.
treat (trēt), to deal with.
trĕnch'er (cher), a wooden plate.
trĭ-ŭm'phant (fănt), rejoicing over a victory.
trough (trof, o as in soft), a vessel to hold water or fodder for cattle.
tru'ănt (trōō), idly wandering.
trudged (trŭjd), walked.
tŭft'ĕd, tacked with buttons or tufts.
tur'moil (tûr), confusion.
Tyr'ol (tĭr'ŏl), a province of western Austria.

ŭm'pire (pīr), a person chosen to settle a dispute.
ŭn-doubt'ĕd-ly, without question.
un-for'tu-nate-ly (ŭn-fôr'tu-nat-lĭ), unluckily.
u'ni-form (ū'nĭ-fôrm), a dress of a particular fashion worn by persons in the same order or service.
u-nĭ-ver'sal (ū-nĭ-vûr'sal), general.
ū'nĭ-verse, the world.
ŭn-răv'el ('l), to separate the threads.
ŭn-trŏd'den ('n), not walked upon.
urge (ûrj), to present earnestly.
ŭt'ter (er), complete; entire.

vain'ly (vān'lĭ), without effect.
vă'rĭ-ous (ŭs), different; several
vast, very great.
vĕn'ĭ-son (z'n), the flesh of the deer.
vĕn'ture (tur), to risk; to dare to go.
ven'ture-some (vĕn'tur-sŭm), rash.
vĕr'y (ĭ), same; extremely.
vĭ'cious (vĭsh'ŭs), wicked; spiteful.
vic-to'rĭ-ous (vĭk-tō'rĭ-ŭs), conquering.
vict'uals (vĭt''lz), food
vig'ŏr-ous (ŭs), strong; robust.
viv'id, clear; strong; lively.

wa'ger (wā'jer), a bet.
waist'coat (wāst'kōt), vest.
wake (wāk), a track; the track left by a vessel in the water.
wa'rĭ-ly (wā'rĭ-lĭ), cautiously.
war'path (wôr'), a warlike expedition of Indians; a raid for fighting.
wā'ver, to sway one way and the other; to change.
wax (wăks), to grow; to increase.
way'far-er (wā'fâr-er), a traveler.
weap'on (wĕp'ŭn), something to fight with.
wea'ry (wē'rĭ), tired.
wedged (wĕjd), forced in, as a wedge; jammed.
wĕld, to join closely.
wĕl'fâre, happiness; prosperity.
whirl (hwûrl), to turn round rapidly.
whirl'pool (hwûrl'pōōl), water moving rapidly in a circle.
whis'per (hwĭs), to speak softly.
wick'et (wĭk'ĕt), a small gate.
wil'der-ness (wĭl'der-nĕs), wild, uncultivated land.
wind'flow-er (flou), the anemone, a delicate flower of early spring.
wind'lass, a machine for hoisting.
win'now (ō), to separate the chaff from the grain by means of wind; to flap; to wave.
win'some (sŭm), causing joy or pleasure; winning.
wist'ful, longing; desirous.
with-stand', to resist.
wit'nĕss, one who testifies in court.
wit'ty (wĭt'ĭ), amusing; clever.
wrath (rath), anger.
wreath (rēth), a circular band of flowers.
wrench (rĕnch), to twist violently.
wres'tle (rĕs''l), to struggle; to try to throw another down.
wrought (rôt), worked.
Wurm'See (sē).

year'ling (yēr), an animal one year old, as cattle, sheep, or horses.
yĕlp, to bark shrilly.
yield (yēld), to produce.

zĭg'zăg, having short, sharp turns.
zo-ō-log'ĭ-cal (zō-o-lŏj'ĭ-kăl), relating to the science of animals.